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A RUNAWAY HUSBAND.

The Rash Resolve of a Man Who Failed---An Unexpected Tragedy---How a Fortune Came to Him.

By ALFRED B. TOZER,
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CHAPTER I.
THE DEPARTURE.

Eliet Marsh waited until all was still in the lower part of the house and then glanced out of the window of the front chamber, where he had been planning and brooding ever since the early breakfast hour.

His wife, looking tired and fretful in the strong light of the June morning, stood by the broken gate which led to the highway, drawing on a cheap pair of cotton gloves, two pretty children, much better dressed than their mother, were racing down the street, hand in hand, their brown curls flying in the wind and catching hints of gold from the summer sunshine.

Eliet, Jr., aged ten, and Mary, aged eight, were the pride of their mother's unsatisfied heart. She planned and scrimped, and saved in every way in order that they might dress up to the standard of the children of her neighbors, most of whom were vastly better off than were the Marsh people in the things of the world.

The first vibrant note of the last call to worship in the Winslow church sounded from the belfry as Mrs. Marsh completed the arrangement of her gloves to her own satisfaction and followed the romping children down the grass-lined path which bordered the road. Eliet would be along in a moment, she thought, and then she was no use in being late just on his account.

But Eliet Marsh, still standing by the chamber window, had no notion of following her to the pine pew he had occupied regularly every Sunday morning for a dozen years. He watched his wife until a sharp turn in the road hid her from view, and turned back into the room, wondering when he would again look upon the peaceful scene from that window---when he would again see the faces of his wife and children.

He dressed himself carefully in the threadbare suit of broadcloth which he had worn on Sundays and on state occasions for many number of years, abstracted a little pile of silver from its hiding place in the closet, took a stout walking stick from behind the door, and hastened down stairs.

Even at the moment of abandoning his home and the helpless ones he was in duty bound to protect, he remembered the small duties which came with the Sunday church going. He whistled to the dog and locked him in the woodshed, he lifted the cat from her nest on the sitting room lounge and put her down cellar, he laid the fire in the kitchen stove so it would be ready to light after service, and hung the canary in the south window. Then he went out and locked the door, putting the key in its hiding place under the mat, just as he had done for more years than he liked to think about.

"She will find evrything in shape when she comes from church," he thought, "and she will get along a great deal better without me."

To the last day of his life he remembered just how the flower-bordered path leading to the gate looked that morning, and there never came a time when the scent of lilacs and June roses did not bring that scene back to his mind.

He paused a moment with his hand on the creaking gate and glanced back at the house, prettily set in its cluster of shade and fruit trees. He had been married there, for the small farm had come into the family as the dowery of his wife, and the children had been born there. It was not in as good shape now as it had been in those days, for it needed painting, the foundation of the porch had fallen away, making a great slope in the floor to the north, and the roof was patched in many places. For a moment his conscience troubled him a little, but he closed the gate with a bang and walked resolutely up the country road, taking the direction opposite to that taken by his wife.

Raynor fell back with a ghastly wound in the head.

Half a mile down the road he came upon Hiram Taylor, whose farm adjoined that of his wife, sitting on a log at the edge of the forest which fringed the highway. Taylor was a thrifty man, who worked hard in his fields every week day and traded horses or caught fish every Sunday. He smiled as Marsh came up, and held aloft a string of shining, flopping bass.

"There's a string of beauties," he said, with a chuckle. "I was out on the lake at daylight. Goin' that way?"

Marsh hesitated. He was annoyed at the meeting, and impatient to be on his way, but Taylor was a man not to be shaken off.

"Just out for a walk," he finally replied.

"Well," grinned the farmer, "you're walkin' the wrong way. You'll miss the dripins o' the sanctuary, and what will the wife say?"

"I guess she'll survive," was the slow reply. "It is too fine a day to spend in church."

"Just what I thought," was the reply. "If I'd 'a' known you was out for a lark today, I'd 'a' staid at the lake, but it's too late to go back now."

"I shall not stay long," said Marsh. "I'm not much of a fisherman, you know."

"I'm for a penny in for a pound," chuckled the farmer. "Might as well stay out all day now, though I don't know how the service can go on without you a-sittin' there facin' the preacher. The wife will have her say about it, too, I guess."

Marsh smiled grimly and moved along, as if to bring the conversation to an end. He did not relish the mention of his wife in connection with his seeming lapse from duty, but it was nothing unusual. He had always figured as his wife's husband, and had reluctantly accepted the situation.

"It is no wonder the neighbors notice it and refer to it," he had often thought, bitterly, "for she does rather manage things about the house and farm. Yes, and she manages me, too."

"It's been a good many years since you've missed a sermon, ain't it?" continued the tormentor. "Most as many as it's ben since I heard one. Well, if it gets too hot you can take to the woods, as the monkeys in the burning barn said to the rat. If you're a-goin' out on the lake today you can take my boat just as well as not. You will find it down there by the sawmill. You can get the key and the oars up at the house at the top o' the hill. Just tell 'em I sent you."

Taylor's offer put a new idea into the brain of the runaway husband.

"Take it if you want it," grinned the farmer. "I ain't sayin' that I saw you anywhere. You can get minnows and fishin' tackle there, too, and the best place to fish is in the cove the other side o' the wooded island."

"I think I'll try my luck," said Marsh. "Much obliged to you."

"Oh, you're welcome, only leave things as you find 'em in the boat. And," added the farmer, "if you catch any fish you'd better bring 'em over to my house to be cooked. I can just see Mrs. Marsh cookin' fish caught on Sunday. Oh, yes, indeed!"

Marsh hurried on without making reply. It had been no unusual thing during the dozen years last past to hear his wife's strict religious convictions referred to by the neighbors in connection with his own actions, but this day the thing grated on his sensibilities and brought out a feeling of resentment.

"After all," he thought, "she has a right to her own ideas, and I am glad, the way it has turned out, that I never disputed or made light of them. It is more likely that she is right than it is that I am. It doesn't made such a success of life that I can afford to point the way to others."

And Marsh was right in his last thought, for all the neighboring farmers agreed that Marsh was a failure. He had grown poorer and poorer, although he had seemingly done his best, and the fact ground the pride of his high-spirited wife down in the dust. It had done more than that. It had well-nigh destroyed her respect for her husband, which was bad for the peace of the little household.

And so he had decided to cut adrift and have done with it all.

"Mary will get along somehow," he thought, "and I may do better when I am away from all the places where my failure is common gossip, and where I have no courage to try anything new."

Up to the time of meeting Taylor he had had no notion of going to the lake, a fine body of water two miles away from his home, but now he thought he saw achance to shut off pursuit. At first the idea seemed cruel, as likely to inflict unnecessary pain upon those he had left behind, but his eyes got used to it.

"If they think me dead," he mused, "the pain will soon pass away, for they will realize that they are better off without me, as indeed they will be. Then, perhaps, I can go ahead with a better heart if I am satisfied that this stage of my life is closed forever and utterly beyond recall."

So he trudged on to the lake, got the boat key and the oars and the fishing tackle at the house at the top of the hill, and rowed out to the wooded island. He thought the people loitering about the mill and the miniature gist looked curiously at him as he rowed to them, for was he not about to pass out of his old life forever? The summer sun shone hot on the level surface of the lake, and he removed his coat, rowing to the cool shade of the trees that fringed the island in his shirt sleeves. Once there he drew the boat up on the sloping beach and threw himself down on the grass to

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study out the problem of his future. As he lay there he heard, in the distance, the village clock strike one.

"Mary and the children are at home by this time," he thought. "I wonder what she will do first?"

CHAPTER II.

A SERIOUS MATTER.

The fugitive husband had not labs long in his leafy retreat when he heard the sound of footsteps in the thicket on the right. He arose to a sitting posture and looked instantly in that direction. Then his clothes were parted and a young man dressed in a gray suit, leather leggings and a soft straw hat with a blue band advanced toward him. He carried a gun in one hand, new and expensive pattern in one hand, and a fancy game bag swung at his side, held in place by a strap passed over the opposite shoulder. He was trimply built and of prepossessing countenance, and looked every inch a well-to-do city sportsman out for a day's shooting.

He came to a halt half a dozen feet from the spot where Marsh was sitting and leaned indolently on his gun.

"You are taking it easy," he said. "Is there any show for game in these parts?"

Marsh shook his head.

"You will have to ask some of the natives," he said. "I am not familiar with the island."

The sportsman leaned his gun against a nearby tree and threw himself down on the greensward.

"I am too lazy to make much of an investigation," he said, "if I find the woods, but am not much of a huntsman. Do you live about here?"

Marsh nodded in the direction of the village.

"Over there," he said, wishing from the bottom of his heart the man would go away and leave him to his own unpleasant reflections. The shock of the desperate step he had taken was still upon him, and he wanted to be alone.

The huntsman appeared to attribute the shortness of the reply and the evident lack of cordiality to the common rural embarrassment at a polite overture, for he dove into a pocket and produced a card case.

"I am Professor Raynor," he said, handing out a card, "and I am in a bank over in the city. I have some investments in this county, and I came out to have a look at the country. The game is a secondary consideration.

"If you are thinking of buying," said Marsh, "I don't recommend the country. The principal crop seems to be mortgages. At least that is about all I have ever been able to raise on my place."

Raynor laughed.

"It takes a pretty good farm to bring forth a mortgage nowadays," he said, "but I am not interested in this vicinity have several mortgages in the city which we would be glad to get rid of."

"I presume mine is one of them," said Marsh, suddenly, for he did not relish having anything connected with his past brought to his mind during the first day of the new life he had planned.

"Is your mortgage in the hands of the Atlas bank?" asked Raynor, talking a trifle nervously from his pocket. "Because I mention it as it is one of the matters I came up to see about. I am in the village now late to do business yesterday, and so remained over to-day thinking to have a look at it. Expect will you kindly give me your name."

"Yes," replied Marsh, "the family name is the same as all the mortgages, is in the hands of the Atlas bank. Your people have been very liberal with the interest for the last year has not yet been paid."

Raynor looked at his pocket and smiled.

"Then," he said, "your name is Beers, Marsh, or Hiram Beers."

"Marsh," was the short reply.

What fate had thrown him into the presence of Hiram Beers on the very last day of his interest in the matter then under discussion?

"You," said Raynor, "the interest is six months overdue. What seems to be the difficulty? Poor crops?"

"Poor interest as well as poor crops, I think," was the reply.

Raynor put up his book and lit a cigar. As the fragrance of the weed drifted over to Marsh's nostrils he mentally commented on the fact that the professor smoked pretty good cigars—such cigars as he used to smoke when he lived in the city and drew a fine salary from an insurance company; in the form and fashion of days before he became possessor of farmer Hingsbury's pretty daughter and wedded her and—"Poor Mary!" he thought, "what does she matter?" said Raynor, good naturedly, passing over another cigar, "I expect to come over tomorrow and if there is any show of our eventually getting our money we shall make you no trouble."

Marsh smiled inwardly at the thought that he would not be there to make terms with the fellow when he called to "look the place over." But, then, Mary had always attended to such matters, and his absence would not be noticed for a week before she came to him and he hastened to put it into words.

"Yes," he said, "if you go there tomorrow, you may not see me. I am off for a few days on a little business of the family."

"Sho," she reply. "I borrowed the money and had to pay it to raise a store to the village. Every person I sold goods to turned out to be either a farmer or a hatchet repi, and the day on which my first stock of goods was sold."

"Back, certainly," was the reply; "but you seem to be a bright sort of a chap, and will get your gait within a few days."

"That is just what I am trying to do myself," said Raynor, "when he had finished. "I can't say that you are doing right, but your wife can probably operate the place just as well as you, and, if you are a respectful insurance man, you are sure to receive a good salary somewhere before long and square things up. Only this sudden departure may cause some unnecessary grief. And, then, there are the children."

"She wouldn't hear to my going away," she reply, "and I am doing what is for the best. Of course I hate to leave the youngsters, but she thinks her eyes of them and they will have good care."

Raynor seemed lost in thought for a moment.

"I'll tell you what," he finally said, "I won't go your place to-morrow. My talk with you is enough to satisfy the bank. I shall be back in the city Wednesday, and then you come and see me. I have several friends in the neighborhood and I may be able to help you out."

The two men smoked in silence for some minutes. Raynor was enjoying his day in the woods and Marsh was wondering whether it could not be possible he really was to have a chance of getting back into something like the old life.

As they smoked, each intent on his own thoughts, a pony trotted them with evil, mischievous eyes from a thicket not far away. Close by where these men were sitting a little path led into the woods, and of forest boughs and sods and branches a rude structure had been set up a thin, white smoke, and apparently about seven inches in length had once held food, but which now served for cullings for the ponies. Corn, oats, hay and meal also littered the ground, and a yellow paper of sugar lay not far away from the spot on the flat top of a tree stump not far away. The two men had evidently been to the island many days, and had set up housekeeping on rather an extensive scale for entertainment of others.

"Say, Bob," one of them whispered, "how long will you keep that fool from his gun? Peach, eh? If there was only one of 'em, now——"

"Hush," you fool," grunted the other. "Well git it someway. An' that coal lyin' on the log scorchin' comes a smite."

Presently Marsh arose and began to talk hastily. He had at least half convinced himself that he was safe, and no longer kept one shoulder and one sleeve or bare-headed.

Raynor regarded his companion intently for a moment.

"So," he thought, "it is not your business to keep me away from. It is an unhappy home that you are anxious to leave behind you. I wonder if I ought to help you?"

He studied over the problem a moment, and then said:

"Well, I don't know what to advise. I'll row you over there, of course, and I'll trade hats with you and leave yours here as a token of good faith that I am in it in the correct thing for me to do. I have a light cap in my grip-sack, and I shall be no inconvenienced."

"You are kind," said Marsh, with a suspicious moisture in his eyes, "and I hope sometime to be able to pay you back. May some day to be able to pay you back. May some day to be able to pay you back. May some day

"Yes?"

"A chicken moults. Why? Do you know?"

"I can't say that I do."

"Because it hasn't got any dandruff. That's right. Part it on the left side."

It seemed that No. 11 had exhausted all his resources. He wielded the brush with a trembling hand. The man in the chair, however, had become more cheerful.

"Never remove any dandruff from a man's head without speaking to him beforehand," said he. "I wouldn't be without my regular allowance of dandruff for anything in the world. Sometimes when I run a little short I go to a dandruff store and buy some and have it put on. Shall I pay at the desk? Thanks."

The colored boy brushed him and he went away with a cheerful slam of the door.

"Did you see that fellow I just had?" asked No. 11, turning to No. 18.

"Yes."

"Well, he's crazy as a loon."

A MARVELOUS WOMAN.

(Continued from page five.)

His cold eyes softened at the sight of his fair young daughter. He drew her to him, lifted her veil and kissed her tenderly.

"Thou art the fairest of fair brides, little one," he said, with a smile. "Thy bridegroom is here and the guests have arrived."

"And Armande, dear father, has he also arrived?" asked Marguerite, wistfully.

The smile faded from the count's lips. He looked grave and troubled.

"No," he replied, "Armande has not arrived, and the marriage must proceed without him. Something must have occurred at the last moment to prevent his coming."

"Can any ill have come to him, papa?" asked Marguerite, tremulously.

"No, child, certainly not," hastily replied the count, "or we should have heard of it ere this. It is a great disappointment both to you and myself that your brother be not present at your nuptials, but we must not let this disappointment be apparent to our guests. Now, if thou are ready, child, come."

And Marguerite, with a face grown suddenly pale, laid her little hand upon her father's arm.

He led her down the wide stairway and into the long drawing rooms, which were brilliantly lighted and decked with flowers. At one end of the room before a small white and gold altar, covered with lilies, stood the priest in his silk and lace vestments.

Marguerite lifted her downcast eyes for a brief moment as the Marquis St. Maur came forward, and taking her hand from the arm of the count, placed it upon his own.

In a few moments she was standing before the priest at the white altar, with the odor of lilies about her, listening dreamily to the beautiful words of the Catholic marriage ceremony.

Some hours later the bride, a long wan of rose-colored brocade covering her bridal dress, came down the winding stairway to where her father and the young marquis stood signalling her.

"Why, where is Marie?" she asked, looking about for the maid, whom she had sent down a few moments before.

"I have sent her on to the chateau," replied the Marquis St. Maur, "that she may be there to receive you."

The Count de Kercheval folded his daughter in his arms and kissed her tenderly. For the first time she realized that she was leaving the old life behind her forever and a vague pain and dread crept about her head. Throwing back the rose-mist wrap she clasped her fair bare arms about her father's neck and clung to him with a little sob.

The young marquis stood at a little distance watching them, a strange look in his dark eyes, a slight smile touching coldly the beauty of his mouth.

The Count de Kercheval, who thoroughly disliked a scene, gently unclasped the clinging arms from his neck, and, lifting to his lips the fair, small hand upon which shone the bright new wedding ring, said, with a smile:

"Au revoir, my sweet marquise."

Marguerite blushed. The Marquis St. Maur laughed.

"The count is right, 'tis only au revoir for you will soon meet again," he said, and later the significance of those words returned to the Count de Kercheval.

So with smiles again upon her lips Marguerite passed out to the carriage.

After placing her within, the Marquis St. Maur paused and looked back at the Count de Kercheval as he stood in the wide doorway, with the light upon his pale, patrician face, the jewels flashing on his long, pallid fingers as he waved a smiling adieu.

The next moment the carriage of the Marquis St. Maur rolled away into the darkness.

The Count de Kercheval turned back into the house and entered the drawing rooms. The servants were extinguishing the lights and the air was heavy with the odor of dying flowers. The little altar, upon which the lilies were beginning to droop and fade, gleamed white in the growing dimness of the room.

"Bah!" muttered the count, "the odor of decaying flowers is suggestive of death."

He passed out. The clock in the chateau tower was striking twelve.

"Ah! the day which wipes away part of my troubles is ended," murmured the Count de Kercheval.

CHAPTER XIII.

Maurice, Marquis St. Maur, had borne his imprisonment in the retreat of the bandits of the Scarlet Mantle with much equanimity. Notwithstanding the assertion of the young chief to the contrary, the Marquis St. Maur was still under the impression that he was being held for ransom, and that the bandits believed that the longer he was kept prisoner the higher price he would pay for his liberty.

So more than three months had passed. The young marquis was growing very tired of his captivity and wondering, impatiently, how much longer it was likely to last, when one day Pedro approached him and said:

"Monsieur le Marquis, we desire your presence this evening in the great hall. Our chief returns with his bride and it is his desire that you assist at the festivities."

"The chief returns with his bride?" repeated the Marquis St. Maur. "Why, this is most interesting. Who is the young woman who is so enamored of the good looks of the chief as to forget his rather disreputable calling? Or has this fascinating but unscrupulous young man wooed and won some maiden incognito?"

Pedro smiled grimly.

"I cannot reply to your questions, Monsieur le Marquis," he said. "But have patience for a little while; your curiosity upon all these points will be amply satisfied this evening," and Pedro turned away, leaving the young marquis very curious and somewhat uneasy at the significance of his words and manner.

The Marquis St. Maur watched with much interest the elaborate preparations for the evening's festivities.

"What rich hauls these rascals have made," he thought, as he beheld at gold and silver plate and glittering cut-glass which adorned the long tables, on which was spread a feast fit for a king.

When all preparations were completed the hall presented a dazzling and picturesque appearance. Brilliantly lighted, the great stone hall was draped with scarlet silks, the long, glittering tables, the bandits in their black cloaks, and, to the marquis surprise, their faces covered with scarlet masks.

Hardenee was also present, clad in a green gown which brought out very effectively the whiteness of her skin and the pale gold of her hair.

It was about 11 o'clock when the bandits assembled in the hall; it was two hours later when the young chief arrived. The door were suddenly thrown open and he entered, with a young girl leaning on his arm.

Just beyond the threshold he paused and disengaged himself from the girl who stood, gazing with startled, bewildered eyes, about her. The rose-colored wrap she wore slipped to the ground. An utter silence reigned in the hall as all eyes were fixed upon the girl in her white bridal robes, her pearly shoulders and arms bare, her yellow head crowned with orange blossoms.

The chief was the first to speak.

"Comrades," he said, at the same time taking in his, with a gesture full of mockery, the girl's hand, "I present to you my bride. I was married a few hours ago to Marguerite, the daughter of the Count de Kercheval."

This admirable story of a revenge will be continued in next week's Ledger. See page three for our special subscription offer.

A Bridge 1800 Years Old.

Eighteen hundred years ago or thereabouts, the Roman emperor Trajan built a bridge across the Danube, the piers of which are found by the Roumanian engineers sailed enough to maintain a new structure which will unite the towns of Turnu Severin in Roumania, and Gladova in Servia. In the middle of the structure the statue of Trajan will stand four squares to all the winds that blow.

It Has Been Lately.

It has been lately proved in Italy that yachts having copper bottoms, anchored near the steel and iron ships of the Italian navy, have exercised injurious effects upon the ships. Actual contact, it appears, was not required to produce the result. The water in which the yachts lay was a sufficiently powerful agent.

The Whole Truth

Nearly every woman in America needs treatment at some time in her life for troubles of the generative organs.

To treat these cases properly it is necessary to know all about them, and full information many times cannot be given by a woman to her family physician. She cannot bring herself to tell everything and the physician is at a constant disadvantage.

Mrs. J. F. Stretch, 461 Mechanic St., Camden, N. J., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I was a sufferer from female weakness. Every month, regularly as the menses came, I suffered dreadful pains in uterus, ovaries were affected and had leucorrhœa. I had my children very fast and it left me very weak. A year ago I was taken with flooding and almost died. The doctor even gave me up and wonders how I ever lived. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham's advice at Lynn, Mass., and took her medicine and began to get well. I took several bottles of the Compound and used the Sanative Wash and can truly say that I am cured. You would hardly know me, I am feeling and looking so well. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me what I am."

Marie Lemp, 108 2d Ave., New York City, was advised by her physician to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This is her letter:

"I have three children and suffered with falling of the womb and flooding. My physician scraped the womb, still the flooding continued and I was no better. At last he advised me to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Then I thought I would write to Mrs. Pinkham, for she could advise me better than any one if I was to take her remedies. I received her reply and followed all her directions and I am very glad to send you this testimonial, for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is just what it is recommended to be. I advise all women who suffer from these complaints to try it."

Mrs. Remicker Finds Relief From Pain.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel it my duty to write and thank you for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. It is the only medicine I have found that has done me any good. Before taking your medicine, I was all run down, tired all the time, no appetite, pains in my back and bearing-down pains, and a great sufferer during menstruation. After taking two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt like a new woman. I am now on my fourth bottle and all my pains have left me. I feel better than I have felt for three years and would recommend your Compound to every suffering woman. I hope this letter will help others to find a cure for their troubles."—MRS. DELLA REMICKER, Rensselaer, Ind.

Another Tumor Successfully Expelled.

"Two years ago I was a great sufferer from womb trouble and profuse flowing each month, and tumors would form in the womb. I had four tumors in two years. I went through treatment with doctors, but they did me no good, and I thought I would have to resort to morphine. The doctor said that all that could help me was to have an operation and have the womb removed, but I had heard of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and decided to try it, and wrote for her advice, and after taking her Vegetable Compound the tumors were expelled and I began to get stronger right along and am well as ever and can truly say that I would never have gotten well had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound. I cannot praise it enough."—MARY A. STAHL, Watsontown, Pa.

Every woman puzzled about her health may write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and will receive advice promptly, free of all charge.

More Than a Million Women Have Been Helped by Mrs Pinkham's Advice and Medicine.

A MARVELOUS WOMAN.

The Strange Story of the Scarlet Masks---Love and Hate Entwined---The Dramatic Sequence of a Great Sin.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

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SYNOPSIS.

Gaspard and Helene de Fontenelle, twins, and since their mother's death reared by Madame Beaumont, are on their twenty-first birthday expecting a visit from their father. Armande Pedro Caselle arrives and announces to them that their father is dead. Previously a long distance into the Forest of Fontainebleau, blean with Pedro, and refuse to tell them the hidden seat of a band of robbers of which he is the chief. They find that their father is chief of the robbers and is dying. Gaspard is dispatched to take his place as chief and to appease the robbers done to the band by his mother. He tells his children that his youth he had lived with Madame de Kercheval, whose son, a dissolute fellow, had married a rich count by whom he had a son and daughter, afterward he visited Gaspard's father by having him implicated with theft in order to secure the child of young Mlle. Fontenelle. She became the a broken heart and Fontenelle joined the Scarlet Masks and now became their chief. Gaspard decided to remain to aid him. Pedro tells Helene that her father, Charles Fontenelle, is now growing old, has returned to Europe to live and die among his beautiful daughter Marguerite is with him. His wife Armande, who is in the king's guard, will soon visit his father and sister. Pedro, whom she dislikes, will accompany Gaspard to kill Armande, to wound the other, or his money. Gaspard, having the awful task, prepares to do so. Helene, in the meantime, is informed by Pedro that Gaspard is shot dead by one of the Scarlet Masks and Helene vows vengeance on the Masks and Madame Kercheval, the murderer of her brother's death. Old Marquis de Maur, whose hands attain honors at the de Kercheval's, dies, and his estranged son, Maurice, succeeds as heir to the estate. The de Kercheval's have never seen the young man. Helene and the Scarlet Masks capture and imprison him in the cellar of the house and dress in his clothes and with his carriage she goes to the Maur chateau, and a fortune-teller on the de Kercheval's at Marlboro. Charles de Kercheval is serious to marry Helene, but Armande is opposed to it. Himself has squandered his own and daughter's fortune, which they intend to get hold on their twenty-fifth birthday.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

There stepped across the threshold a very youthful-looking and exceedingly handsome young man.

Count de Kercheval, who had advanced smilingly and eagerly to meet him, paused abruptly. The smile died from his lips, his pallid skin took on a more colorless hue. In a moment, however, he recovered himself and held out his hand to the Marquis St. Maur.

"I am most happy to welcome to the Chateau de Kercheval the nephew of my old friend," he said, but his smile was forced, and his eyes, startled and troubled, they dwelt fascinatingly upon the very handsome face of the young marquis.

The latter smiled and bowed for a very brief moment, the long, pale hand of the Count de Kercheval.

"Thank you," he said."

"Permit me to introduce you to my daughter, Marguerite," continued the count, and the pink color deepened in the girl's cheeks as the Marquis de Maur bent low over her little hand, after a fleeting, but undisguised look of admiration into her face.

Marguerite's heart beat quicker.

"How wonderfully handsome he is," she was thinking.

"She is young and susceptible," mused the pseudo Marquis St. Maur. "She will be no difficulty to carry out my designs."

"I feared, when you did not arrive yesterday, that you had, perhaps, been held up by the Scarlet Mask bandits," said the count, as Marguerite fell back upon the couch and he and the marquis seated themselves near her.

The Marquis St. Maur smilingly uplifted his brows.

"The Scarlet Masks bandits," he repeated.

"So you really have bandits in these parts?"

"Unfortunately, yes," replied the count. "If you had been much in Paris you would have heard of the celebrated bands of the Scarlet Masks who, for a number of years, have been a terror to travelers through the forest of Fountainbleau. Their retreat is situated somewhere in the forest, but all efforts to discover it have been quite in vain. It will never be discovered, I fear, until there is a traitor among the bandits, and, so far, large rewards offered for the chief, who is a most daring villain, or for anyone who will afford information which will lead to the discovery of the retreat, have been without avail."

"Oh, you know there is honor among thieves," said the Marquis St. Maur, with a light laugh.

"Why, my brother, Armande, was attacked by them about a month ago, when on his way to the chateau," said Marguerite, with a twinkling little shiver. "But he, with a so brave, and, Monsieur le Marquis, would you believe it, though he had only his servant with him, he wounded the two bandits who attacked him and escaped without injury himself. The servant, Pedro Valet, was killed by one of the wretches.

"Monsieur Armande de Kercheval's prowess is indeed worthy of admiration," said the Marquis St. Maur, and neither she count nor his daughter noticed the pallor which, for a moment, blanched the ruddy handsome face.

Armande thinks that he killed one of the rascals," said Count de Kercheval, with grim satisfaction.

"I don't know that Armande would return to Paris, as he came, though with a fierce and exhilarated ony by one servant," continued Marguerite.

"Of course," said the count, smilingly. "Armande is too brave to do otherwise."

"Oh, papa, I think it was much reckless of him," cried Marguerite. "I was quite wretched until my brother had arrived safely in Paris. I was so afraid that those terrible bandits would be on the watch for Armande and effect the death of their comrade."

"Tender little petite, let us change the subject," said the Count de Kercheval, with a fresh effort at forgetting. I hope, my dear marquis, that you intend remaining at the chateau for some time?"

"I think it most probable that I shall," replied the pseudo St. Maur, with what appeared to be an involuntary glance of deepest admiration at Marguerite, which deepened the roses in that young lady's cheeks and brought a look of complacency into satisfaction to the eyes of her father.

"The young fellow is evidently much attracted," thought the latter. "I do not think it likely that my plan will miscarry. It is strange that the very Marquis St. Maur should so closely resemble Henri de Maur, whose existence startled me from the first saw him. The young man in an effeminate way, but I have noticed that he is powerfully built, but wonderfully like him. One of those accidental resemblances, of course, but I would be foolish to let it not exist."

Soon after the young marquis, pleading fatigue, took his departure, after accepting an invitation to dine at the chateau upon the following evening.

When alone with his daughter the Count de Kercheval turned to her and said:

"Well, ma petite, what thinkest thou of our neighbor, the young Marquis St. Maur?"

"He is very handsome and very good-looking," replied Marguerite, with a drooping of her long lashes.

The count, smiling, patted her rounded cheek.

"Thou didst hope that the young marquis would fall in love with thee, eh, my little flirt, naughty?. "It seems thy hope is then fulfilled. I am glad that he has intended remaining at the chateau for some time. Yes, he will be much company for us, my dear papa," answered Marguerite, demurely, at which the count laughed.

"Now, go to thy room, my sweet one," he said, as he bent and kissed her brow.

She slipped her fair arm about his neck.

"Good-night, papa, dearest," she murmured.

When he was alone the count, with a long, red cigar, threw himself wearily into a chair. The smiles which came so readily in his daughter's presence vanished, and his face grew haggard, his eyes brooding and miserable.

During his years of absence from his ancestral home, which, in reality, was a long term of exile in school, the count had quandered in luxurious living, in gambling, in his vices, and at the gambling table, the fortune of his children, over which his wife, for her short time of life, had an absolute control and power.

"I must hurry on this marriage between Marguerite and the young marquis," he muttered, "and then I will return to Paris, believing that she will come into her fortune when twenty-five years of age. And when that time arrives I do not think that I shall have much trouble with him. He seems a soft, womanish sort of fellow. I shall see that his settlement upon Marguerite is all that it should be, so no future wife can be secured no matter what happens. And the Marquis St. Maur can remain in the country without bringing disgrace upon himself or me, possibly, as Marguerite is his wife and, possibly, she will love him well enough to forgive. But what of Armande, my wife, the creature I love best in all the world, and, with a groan, he covered his face with his hands.

CHAPTER X.

The Count de Kercheval and the Marquis St. Maur were seated opposite to each other in the library at the Chateau de Kercheval.

More than two months had passed since the arrival of the young marquis and he had been an almost daily visitor at the Chateau de Kercheval.

There was an eager, expectant look in the cold blue eyes of the count and a faint touch of color in his pallid cheeks. On the evening previous the young marquis had requested an interview. The count de Kercheval, who had closely and anxiously watched his daughter and the Marquis St. Maur during their past two months, guessed pretty accurately with what object the young man sought him, and thrilled with excitation at the fulfillment of his cherished desire.

"Monsieur le Comte, you have no doubt guessed what it is I desire to say to you," began the young marquis, with a smile.

"You must have seen that I have learned to love your daughter, even her but a little more than two months. I ask your permission to tell her so, to ask her to become my wife."

The count smiled blandly, complacently.

"I will acknowledge that I have not been quite blind, quite oblivious," he replied, with a slight attempt at playfulness. "With much pleasure I grant you permission to address Marguerite. If the young lady does not return your love, then she is a sad coquette, which is highly likely, as you have my very best wishes for success."

"Thank you," said the young marquis, as he rose to his feet. "I will seek Mademoiselle Marguerite at once, as I am burning with impatience to learn my fate."

The count laughed softly.

"Ah, how handsome, how desirable, are youth and love," he murmured. "But I, too, am young in heart, Armande is in the blue morning-room."

In the room outside he encountered Jean, the steward, who, with a bundle of papers in his hand, was taking his departure.

"Jean, you are a swift, strange look at the womanishly beautiful face of the young man, who respectfully returned his greeting.

"What is the matter, Jean?" asked the count, somewhat impatiently, as the steward paused. "You look as though you had encountered a ghost."

"I have seen something akin to a ghost," replied the latter. "I always do when I look upon the face of the young marquis. Mais! Monsieur le Comte, you have remarked his remarkable resemblance to poor Dr Fontenelle? It is too pronounced to have escaped you."

The Count de Kercheval frowned and bit his lip.

"Oh, yes, I have, naturally, noted the resemblance," he replied, with assumed carelessness. "Though it did not strike me as being at all remarkable. But I cannot for why do you designate de Fontenelle as poor Henri de Fontenelle? The fellow was a thief and a rascal. Why do you compassionate him?"

"Ah, perhaps, Monsieur le Comte, but not a rascal," replied old Jean, sadly. "Ill fated, hapless, yes, who found in his possession nothing would have convinced that the young gaiety. It is impossible to believe that he took the money in a moment of fear for Mademoiselle Marguerite, who ate heed, perhaps for the sake of his poor young wife, Madame Fontenelle, but Henri de Fontenelle was no rascal. I would have staked my life upon his honesty."

"Your opinions have lost, my good Jean," said the count, with a cold laugh and a shrug of his shoulders.

"I loved the lad; he had a good heart," murmured Jean.

"Possibly," said the Count de Kercheval, sneeringly. "But, unfortunately, the same cannot be said of his wife."

"I wonder what became of him?" murmured Jean, musingly. "His wife, and the little ones, for I always believed that it was for or sake of supporting for him who stole the children?"

"Silence!" cried the count, sharply. "Henri de Fontenelle must have left the country at once, for no trace of him was ever discovered after his flight. He would not be likely to return so soon, and I, for one, have no desire to see the face, perhaps, because it had been thwarted.

It was about a year after the flight of her husband, as he was seeing out for Paris, that he saw her standing in the doorway of the Fontenelle villa, looking beautiful even in her woe and desolation, and the count paused and swayed him there as his eyes lingered yearningly upon her graceful figure. And, even as he looked back, the startled color staining her white cheeks at the sight of him, he murmured:

"She shall yet be mine; she will learn, after a little while, to despise a thief."

All the distractions and dissipations into which he plunged in Paris could not quite banish the memory of that pale, sad, lovely face. Quite suddenly he returned to the Chateau de Kercheval. The little cottage, at which he gazed so often, was no longer a home. It was closed and deserted.

"But what became of Dr Fontenelle's wife?" he asked, with assumed carelessness, of one of the servants.

"She is dead, monsieur," was the reply; "she was buried yesterday."

The wild, bewildering agony of that moment Charles, Count de Kercheval, never forgot. After all these years the words of the old steward, "Ah, 'twas a sad fate for one so young and beautiful as she," thrilled him with something of the anguish of that well-remembered day when he learned that the woman, for whose sake he had been guilty of a cowardly, dastardly crime, was dead of a broken heart. How blue shined at the hated husband had struck her down.

Jean watched his master's moody face with grave, troubled eyes. A suspicion was slowly forming itself upon Jean, but was sometimes forced utterly aside, for to dwell always put resolutely upon the face he had served so long and so faithfully.

The Count de Kercheval roused himself and turned toward Jean with a smile.

"Congratulate me, my good Jean," he said; "my plans have prospered; the Marquis St. Maur has just sought my permission to address Marguerite."

"I am indeed glad, Monsieur le Comte," replied Jean. "No doubt Mademoiselle Marguerite loves the handsome young marquis, who is not alone rich, but very handsome. Mademoiselle Marguerite is too fair and young and tender for a mere 'marriage de convenance.'"

The count laughed.

"Thou hast grown sentimental in thy old age, Jean," he said. "But come, let's to business. I suppose these formidable-looking papers are for my perusal? Well, let me get at the disagreeable task and be done with it as soon as possible."

In the meanwhile the young marquis had sought Marguerite in a pretty room with blue draperies and hangings.

The girl looked very fair and dainty in her white muslin gown, her fair hair hanging in a thick braid below her waist, and tied at the end with a smile and a deep blush.

"Mon ami," she murmured, confusedly, "I—I am not ready for our ride. I did not know it was so late. I will be—I will be at once my habit."

He gently took her hand as she would have withdrawn it.

"Do not go just yet, sweet Marguerite," he said, and she trembled and stood still as her name, for the first time, passed his lips. Her confusion was so charming that her little hand to his lips, "I have your father's permission to seek you, my love. Those words, I am drawn each other for so short a time, I love you passionately, dearest Marguerite. Will you—will you marry me?"

"I would very, very much," replied Marguerite, tremulously. "I—I would be very happy as your wife."

The Marquis St. Maur's arms closed about her and he kissed her.

It was the first lover's kiss which had ever been pressed upon the girl's lips, and it was perfect bliss to her. Such a kiss should be. Her woman's instinct did not tell her that there was nothing of passion or tenderness in it, in fact, she was simply fascinated by the handsome face of her lover and his apparent love for herself aroused within her a responsiveness which she had never known. A girlish fancy was enchained, but her heart was still asleep. Under the circumstances it could hardly be otherwise.

The pseudo Marquis St. Maur rested his cheek, which was as smooth and soft as her own, against Marguerite's pink one.

"Sweetest Marguerite," he said. "I may be called away before very long regarding matters over which it is not necessary to bewilder your pretty head. Dearest, will you marry me in a month from now? Your father will, I am sure, consent." And a look of fierce light in the marquis' dark eyes which Marguerite fondly fancied were as tender and caressing as his words.

"Six weeks," she murmured. "Ah! that is so short a time."

"It seems a very long time to me," whispered the young man. "Do you wish me to go away without you, sweet Marguerite?"

"Oh, no! no!" she cried, with undisguised consternation. "I should die of sheer ennui. It was so dull, so dreary before you came."

"Then marry me, little one," urged the young man, and I shall not be called away where thou wilt no longer be dull and dreary."

"Well, then if papa is willing," murmured Marguerite.

The young marquis found the count, whose presence he again sought upon leaving Marguerite, and willingly the marriages should take place in six weeks.

"My daughter's fortune is the dower of my wife is divided equally between Armande and Marguerite, but they remain in my possession until they have reached the age of twenty-five," said the Count de Kercheval, and then he spoke as he spoke caused the Marquis St. Maur to regard him with a look of deepest interest.

The Count de Kercheval was evidently ill at ease. He sat with his head leaning and his long fingers beat a restless tattoo upon the arm of his chair.

"I was not aware that Marguerite had any fortune," replied the Marquis St. Maur, "and I have sought her as my wife for love, and the fact that Marguerite has a fortune will in no way influence my making a handsome settlement upon her as soon as she is my wife."

He was still watching the count and noted the look first of intense relief and then of

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exultation which passed over the pallid face.

So it was arranged that Marguerite de Kercheval and the Marquis St. Maur should be married in six weeks' time at the Chateau St. Maur, remaining there during the next day, at which the marquis' lawyers would be on hand with the marriage settlements. That business being concluded, the bride would set out for Paris.

It was the Marquis who proposed these arrangements, the Count de Kercheval complacently assenting, and fondly imagining that he was concealing his delight at the success of his plans.

The twenty-seventh day of October was the day set for the wedding.

CHAPTER XI.

It was the twenty-fifth day of October.

Father Martine, the old priest who had baptized Marguerite de Kercheval, and who was to marry her to the Marquis St. Maur, had arrived at the Chateau de Kercheval. The de Kerchevals and the St. Maurs were of the Catholic faith. Marguerite, who had spent the greater part of her life in a convent, was a devout little Catholic.

The wedding, owing to the recent death of the old marquis, was to be very quiet. Young Armande de Kercheval was expected to arrive on the morning of the twenty-seventh.

The day in question was warm and sunny. Early in the afternoon the Marquis St. Maur mounted his horse and rode away from the chateau. He rode swiftly toward the Forest of Fontainbleau, where the great trees were a mass of rich and gorgeous color.

Helene, attired in a rich, dark green riding costume of the Marquis St. Maur, looked wonderfully handsome. She rode an iron-gray thoroughbred from the stables of the Chateau St. Maur and she did not draw rein until she reached the great bowlder which concealed the path leading to the retreat.

A man came quickly forward to meet her. It was Pedro.

"You desired me to meet you here, mademoiselle," he said, as he paused beside the

"Comrades, I present to you my wife!"

horse and looked up at her with his burning, dark eyes.

"Yes," replied Helene. "I thought it best not to visit the retreat until this affair is concluded. How fares the Marquis St. Maur?"

"Oh, he takes matters very easily," said Pedro. "I imagine he still believes he is being held for ransom. He asks very frequently for the 'boy chief,' who appears to interest him very much."

Helene smiled grimly.

"Well, he will soon have the pleasure of renewing his acquaintance with the 'boy chief,'" she said, "and under circumstances which will no doubt astonish him. I suppose you have heard, Pedro, of the approaching nuptials of Marguerite de Kercheval and the Marquis St. Maur?"

Pedro laughed.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "the whole country is talking about it. But tell me, mademoiselle, do you really intend to carry matters so far as to go through the ceremony?"

"Most certainly," said Helene, "and the same evening I shall bring the bride to the retreat. It is of this I wish to speak to you. I want you to have the hall brilliantly lighted and a feast prepared upon the evening of the twenty-seventh. Have all the men assembled, and I also desire the presence of the Marquis St. Maur."

Pedro bowed.

"Your wishes shall be carried out to the letter, mademoiselle," he said.

"And now, one thing more," continued Helene. "Armande de Kercheval is expected to arrive at the Chateau de Kercheval upon the morning of the twenty-seventh to be present at the marriage of his sister. Now, his presence would very materially interfere with certain plans of my own regarding him, therefore he must not leave Paris until after the wedding, when I think it more than probable that he will be summoned home by his father."

"Have you thought of a plan to prevent Armande de Kercheval leaving Paris on the twenty-seventh, mademoiselle?" asked Pedro.

"Yes," replied Helene, "I have here a note written in very fair imitation of Marguerite's schoolgirl hand. This note informs Armande de Kercheval that the bridegroom has met with a slight accident while riding, and the wedding is therefore postponed for a week. You must send one of the men as a messenger from the Chateau de Kercheval with this note to Armande de Kercheval in Paris. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, mademoiselle," replied Pedro. "I shall despatch the messenger immediately upon my return to the retreat."

Helene leaned forward and handed him the note.

"That is all, then," she said. "Au revoir, my good Pedro, until the evening of the twenty-seventh," and, with a cold smile upon her lips, Helene turned and rode swiftly away.

Pedro stood gazing after her half-moodily, half-admiringly.

"What brains she has, what wit, what cleverness," he muttered. "What other woman could have conceived, much less carried out, so unique, so audacious a plot? I had no idea that she intended to carry matters to such an extent. She evidently intends some thrilling and effective finale. I am impatient to witness it, but a thousand times more impatient for her to return to us," and a long, restless sigh heaved his great chest as he turned the bowlder aside.

CHAPTER XII.

Marguerite de Kercheval stood in her dressing room arrayed in her bridal dress. Her gown was of soft white silk, perfectly plain, save for some rare old lace which had adorned the wedding gown of the present count's mother, and for the low-cut bodice. A white tulle veil covered her from head to foot, and a wreath of orange blossoms crowned her flaxen head.

She wore no jewels, though the young marquis had lavished such gifts upon her during their brief betrothal, and the count had given her that morning a necklace of rare pearls which had been her mother's.

"No, Marie, I shall not wear the pearls," she said, when her pretty little maid, the same evening I shall bring the bride to the retreat. It is of this I wish to speak to you. I want you to have the hall brilliantly lighted and a feast prepared upon the evening of the twenty-seventh. Have all the men assembled, and I also desire the presence of the Marquis St. Maur."

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CHAPTER XII.

Marguerite de Kercheval stood in her dressing room arrayed in her bridal dress.

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1 lb. Best Ground Cinnamon	.25	.10
1 lb. Ground Nutmegs	.25	.10
1 lb. Pure Ground Ginger	.25	.10
1 lb. Very best Ground Cloves	.25	.10
3-lbs. Rice (Japan)	.25	.10
1 lb. Best Corn Starch	.10	.05
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1 lb. Pure Ground Allspice	.25	.10

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1 lb. Ground Nutmegs	.25	.10
1 lb. Pure Ground Ginger	.25	.10
1 lb. Pure Ground Mustard	.25	.10
1 lb. Very best Ground Cloves	.25	.10
3-lbs. Best Table Salt	.25	.10
1 lb. Best Cream Tartar	.40	.20
1 lb. Best Baking Soda	.10	.05
1 lb. Pure Ground Allspice	.25	.10
1 lb. Best Quality Spices	.25	.10
1 lb. Best Quality Spices	.25	.10
3-lbs. Rice (Japan)	.25	.10
1 lb. Best Corn Starch	.10	.05
1 lb. Best Corn Starch

LURED BY LOVE.

The Crime of a Village Beauty---A Story of Unrequited Love and the Betrayal of an Innocent Girl.

By E. R. ROMANS.

SYNOPSIS.

The story is laid in a country town. Anne and Bessie Paxton, the beautiful daughters of the village carpenter, both love a young physician, Dr. John Burris. He proposes to and is accepted by Bessie. This enrages Anne and she plots with Charles Marsh, son of the Brickville banker, a rejected suitor for Bessie's hand, to rob the bank and cast suspicion upon Dr. Burris. Marsh promises the physician shall not be prosecuted and Anne hopes to win his love by her fidelity during his trouble. Billy Glen, a hunchback, sees Marsh hide the money robbed from the bank, and sees Anne assault Marsh in the bank. He loves Anne, and though she hates him, he forces from her a promise of marriage as the price of his silence. Hiram Westlake, village marshal, discovers the robbery. Westlake believes city robbers did the job and starts to hunt them, but Charley Marsh accuses John Burris, who is arrested. A search locates the plunder hidden in a garden behind the doctor's office where Charley Marsh had hidden it. Bessie wants to visit her lover in jail but her father forbids her, and Dr. Burris believes she has deserted him. Forbidden to see her lover Bessie asks Anne to see him. Anne uses the interview for her own advantage. Anne and Billy Glen have an interview in which she is very kind to him to gain his help in besmirching the character of her sister. The evil rumors about Bessie grow and her father drives her from home. She wanders away and falls in a faint by the roadside. She is searched for in vain, a kind-hearted old widow having given her shelter. On hearing the slander concerning Bessie, Charley Marsh seeks to benefit from it by claiming he should be held accountable for her misfortune. He tells her father he loves her and is anxious to make amends by marrying her. They find her at the old widow's suffering with brain fever. They procure a license and preacher and the ceremony is started, although Bessie is unconscious. The old widow interferes and stops the ceremony, and a physician who calls opportunely forbids it until Bessie has entirely recovered. Doctor Burris engages a lawyer, but the lawyer believes him guilty and gives him no encouragement. Later Banker Marsh and his son call on Doctor Burris and offer him clemency if he will confess. Charley Marsh tells Doctor Burris an ingenious lie concerning Bessie and poisons his mind completely. Then young Marsh hurries Anne to the young doctor and by more false stories and artful cajoling he is induced to renounce Bessie and promises to marry Anne if Bessie is married to Marsh when he is liberated. Billy Glen is aroused to Anne's duplicity and insists on their immediate marriage. Anne consults Charley Marsh and they decide Billy must be removed from their paths. Anne entices Billy to stroll down by the schoolhouse, which is located in a lonely place. While sitting upon the steps Marsh strikes him from behind with a club, and he and Anne throw the body over a precipice behind the school building. It is found there the succeeding day and the general belief is that the unfortunate young man fell to his death. Marshal Westlake secretly believes he met with foul play and when a ghost is reported as visiting the scene of Billy's death the marshal decides to capture it. He discovers that the "ghost" is Anne Paxton walking in her sleep. Marshal Westlake does some clever work and learns that Anne Paxton and Billy Glen were together the night he met his death, and he reasons out to his satisfaction a motive why Anne should have been interested in his death. He also finds reason to believe that Anne and Charley Marsh are responsible for Doctor Burris' trouble. Then he spies upon Anne while he believes her sleeping and has all his fine theories wrecked, though he still hopes to find evidence to clear Doctor Burris and convict Anne and Charley Marsh. The doctor declares Bessie almost well and Marsh is determined to marry her immediately.

CHAPTER XV.
BESSIE ABDUCTED.

About 3 o'clock on the day preceding the trial of John Burris the Marshes, father and son, accompanied by the prosecuting attorney of the county, called upon the prisoner to secure the promised confession. While their conference was in progress the party was augmented by the appearance of Lawyer Baxter, whom Doctor Burris had retained to defend him.

John Burris heard but one thing from them: "Confess; confess," they urged. In vain he argued his innocence; in vain he suggested conspiracy, and when he told them Marshal Westlake shared his suspicion as to a conspiracy, he was laughed at for placing any faith in the marshal's absurd theories.

The prosecuting attorney promised to quash the indictment and gave him to understand that he was acting under private instructions of the judge who had jurisdiction over his case; provided always that he confess the crime.

Their counsel prevailed. The prisoner agreed to confess, and the attorney prepared to write down the confession, but to this the man accused demurred.

"Leave the writing material here; I will write it myself when alone," he told them.

"I would prefer to write it myself in order to eliminate all irrelevant matter," interposed the attorney.

"My confession will contain nothing irrelevant; it will be brief and to the point. If I decide to make an address to the community I will do so in a separate document. The paper will be placed in your hands in due time."

Their mission having been as nearly accomplished as possible, the legal gentlemen and bankers withdrew, leaving the miserable man alone to the task of branding himself a criminal.

Charley Marsh hurried from the cell of Doctor Burris to the bedside of Bessie Paxton. By explicit orders from Doctor Smith he had not called at the residence of Granny West since the day of their attempted marriage. Now that she was well on to recovery the doctor saw no objections to the impatient lover calling, and even suggested that the proposed marriage take place immediately if the bride-to-be was willing.

He was admitted under protest from the old lady, who, having a poor opinion of the young man, was decidedly averse to his seeing Bessie under any pretext.

It was a faded and worn resemblance of pretty Bessie Paxton who smiled at him when he pressed her hand which was lying on the coverlet.

"I am truly happy to see you so much better, Bessie," he said.

"Thank you," she answered, simply. "I am somewhat surprised that any of my former friends should manifest any pleasure over my improved condition."

"Your true friends, Bessie, will be just as loyal as they ever were. The false friends have been eliminated. When trouble came they turned from you, and while those who are left may be few in number, their worth is enhanced by their steadfastness and loyalty."

"Your words are the only comfort that has come to me," she said, and as the gloomy prospect of the future loomed up before her, her face lost its brightness and a few unbidden tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Pray don't cry, Bessie. I want to be the means of bringing joy rather than sadness to you. When I heard that awful story about you, I branded it as a lie right at the start. But when I found that nothing that I could say would make them change their opinions, I decided upon a course that I hoped in the end would help you somewhat. You remember I was with you a while that evening, although Bedell was with you later. Well, I told everybody that it was I and not the Chicago man who was with you, and that their story was false; and in order to show them that I knew you to be a pure, virtuous girl, I said I would marry you if you would have me. I told your father this, and we set out to search for you, finding you here suffering from a fever. Of course we had to wait for your recovery. Now that you are almost well I have come to lay bare my heart to you, and ask you to marry me right away. When we are married people will believe what I told them, and thus the base slander will be ended forever. Will you marry me, Bessie, dear?" He clasped the thin little hand in his and pressed a kiss upon it.

"You know I love you—that I have always loved you," he went on. "I know I haven't been the best of boys, but with your love to guide me I can be just as good as anyone; and I will try to make you ever so happy. We can go far away from here if you wish. In fact we will do anything to further your happiness. Come, dear, will you marry me?"

She had listened quietly while he spoke. She had no distrust yet of his sincerity. While she knew that he was wild and reckless she had never known of his stooping to mean, base acts, and so felt that his proposal had come from a heart that was acting in unison with a sympathy for her. Yet she knew there was but one answer she could give him, and when he urged her she said:

"You have done me a great honor, Charley, and I appreciate it all the more now that my good name has been assailed by lying tongues. Considering all this it is hard for me to say 'No,' but to be true to myself I must say it. I do not love you, and I do love John Burris. We were engaged the night of the bank robbery. For some inscrutable reason both our characters have been torn to shreds. I will be true to my love, and while he languishes in prison an innocent man, I will live out my disgrace, confident that some time retribution will overtake my traducers and the guilty persons who have caused him to suffer."

"I am sorry to learn that you are loyal to one who is entirely unworthy, Bessie. John Burris committed the robbery. I saw him plainly just before he struck the blow that nearly killed me. He has brazened it out all along, claiming he was innocent. His trial comes off tomorrow. Just before I started out here he sent father word that he would confess all if we would promise not to prosecute him. He has prevailed upon the prosecuting attorney and has his promise to quash the indictment if no one appears against him. Father does not want to be hard on him, and of course I am willing to drop the matter. So he will likely be freed tomorrow when the case comes up, as we will not appear to prosecute him."

"Has he confessed yet?" asked Bessie, anxiously.

"Practically, yes. He said he would write a confession and send it out right away. I presume father has it ere now."

"He is not guilty; oh, I cannot believe it!" moaned Bessie.

"Besides all this," went on her relentless persecutor, "Anne has been visiting him every day since he has been incarcerated. There is a rumor current that they are very much in love. The jailor told me that they were very spoony and that he had seen them kissing several times."

At this Bessie sat up in her bed and glared at Marsh. Something seemed to warn her that he was trying to deceive her.

"You are lying to me!" she cried. "I will not believe you. You are telling me this to induce me to marry you," and she sank back to her pillow crying.

"Indeed, Bessie, it is but the truth. It grieves me to tell you such a horrible story of deceit, but I cannot see you give your pure heart's love to a man who has proved himself to be such a contemptible villain. He intimated to father that if he was set free he would marry Anne and leave Brickville."

"I do not believe it," answered Bessie in a decided tone.

"The sheriff told me he laughed when he heard the story about you, and remarked that he had always had a slight suspicion about you," went on Marsh, somewhat alarmed at her tone.

"I do not believe a word you say," again answered Bessie. "I think you are just taking advantage of the circumstances to compel me to marry you. In fact, I am almost ready to believe you are responsible for all our trouble."

"Great God!" exclaimed Marsh, now thoroughly excited. "You don't mean to insinuate that I would circulate such a story about you, when I love you so madly!"

"It does not seem reasonable, that is true; but I cannot see where anyone else derives any benefit by it, and heaven knows how false it is," retorted Bessie.

"Do you think it no sacrifice for me to offer to marry you in the face of the report that is on every gossip's lips?" he asked.

"Sacrifice, indeed!" she answered, with lofty scorn. "A man who is little better than a common drunkard; who would not be tolerated by anyone but for the respectability of your parents and the money you will inherit some day. Besides no one has asked you to 'sacrifice' yourself. You made the offer of your own accord. I have refused you several times, and this looks to me like the last resort of a thoroughly despicable villain. Please leave me. I am weary. This excitement is too much for me."

"Then you will not marry me?"

"No."

"Your father will compel you to. In fact he insisted that the ceremony should be performed while you were delirious with the fever."

"My father cannot compel me. I am of legal age and besides not in his house. I will do as I please. Now leave me."

"There are more ways than one. I will have you in spite of your opposition," and the discomfited villain left her and hurried away to put into execution a plan that had suddenly presented itself to him.

The door banged behind him and Granny West went to the bedside of the invalid to learn what had taken place. Bessie gave her a brief outline of their conversation.

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A Startling Offer—A Rare Bargain. An Elegant High Grade, Latest Improved $65 Sewing Machine and a Beautiful Sewing Chair to match for $15.90.

SEND NO MONEY if you live within 400 miles of Chicago, but send this adv. and we'll ship this our latest improved Clayton High Arm 7-Drawer Sewing Machine by freight C.O.D. subject to examination. Examine it critically at express office and if found just as represented, an unparalleled bargain and the handsomest machine you ever saw, then pay the agent our special price, $15.90 and freight charges, take it home and give it three months' free trial. If unsatisfactory in any respect, return it to us any time within three months and we'll instantly refund your money.

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FOR MEN ONLY.

Free Trial Package of This New Discovery Mailed to Every Man Sending Name and Address—Quickly Restores Strength and Vigor.

Free trial packages of a most remarkable remedy are being mailed to all who will write the State Medical Institute. They cured so many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood that the institute has decided to distribute free trial packages to all who write. It is a home treatment and all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele, or emaciation of parts can now cure themselves at home.

The remedy has a peculiarly grateful effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and has been an absolute success in all cases. A request to the State Medical Institute, 644 First National Bank Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind., stating that you desire one of their free trial packages will be complied with promptly. The Institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated and the free sample will enable them to see how easy it is to be cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedies are employed. The Institute makes no restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a free sample, carefully sealed in a plain package so that its recipient need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity. Readers are requested to write without delay.

and then asked her opinion of the matter.

"I think there is devilitry of some kind up my child."

"John should know of this," said Bessie.

"And so he shall. I will go and tell him of it."

"Tell him everything, and say that I love him, and that he must not confess. Tell him, too, that they have lied about me."

"Never mind, dearie, I will tell him all."

The old lady put on her faded bonnet and started for town as swiftly as he aged limbs would permit. She soon arrived at the jail, and on asking to see Doctor Burris was shown to his cell by the wondering deputy.

The accused man was seated on his cot. A small stand had been placed in his cell on which were pen, ink and paper. He was on the point of beginning his confession.

"Why, Granny," he exclaimed, "I am surprised to find you here."

"And I am sorry to meet you here, John. But I have a message for you."

"From whom?" he asked. "Bessie?"

"Yes."

"Quick—what is it? Have they been lying to me?"

"It's likely they have. I am sure there is a lot of it going on. Charley Marsh has been harassing Bessie to marry him, and it looks as if he was the one who started that report about her. She thinks, also, that he is some way responsible for your present position. Seems she believes you innocent" and asks you to face them boldly and demand that an investigation be made to unearth the conspiracy that has placed you here."

"She loves me! She believes me innocent!" he cried.

"Yes."

"Thank God!" he exclaimed. "Now I can face everything. And as soon as I am free I will fly to her side to thank her for her loving words of cheer and comfort. Is she quite recovered from her illness?"

"Almost; she will be out in a few days."

"Thank God she has been spared me."

The old lady left a very happy man in the cell which had been so dismal and gloomy. The confession was a thing of the past now and he sat dreaming happy thoughts of deliverance from the charge against him and the happy days when he would clasp his sweet love to his breast, never more to be parted.

A startling discovery awaited Granny West on her return from her visit to Doctor Burris.

Bessie was gone.

Had she been a few minutes earlier she would have seen a carriage driven by Charley Marsh leave her door and disappear in the gathering gloom of evening.

He had seen the old lady enter the village and he lost no time in putting into execution the plan of abduction that he had intended to carry out later that night.

He owned horses and a carriage and it was the work of but a few minutes to hitch up and drive to the home of the old lady.

It was an easy task to chloroform the helpless girl, and after bundling her up carefully he carried her to the waiting carriage and drove away.

He drove rapidly across the country to a small station on the road that passed through Brickville, where he left his team and took the train for Chicago.

Bessie had meanwhile recovered from the effects of the drug, but she was kept quiet by the threats of the thoroughly desperate young man, who explained to a sympathetic conductor that the lady was his wife, whom he was taking to the hospital to have an operation performed.

"Not a operation," he whispered to the terrified girl, "is only a marriage ceremony, so do not be alarmed, and not harm you if you keep quiet; but if you give the alarm I will kill you and myself, too," and he tapped the handle of a revolver.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOHN BURRIS SENTENCED.

Anne Burton had made her last visit to Doctor Burris just previous to the arrival of Granny West. She left him confident that ere another day dawned she would be his bride. Happy, though the wife of a confessed bank robber; happy, when her all-powerful love drove from her memory the ever-recurring thoughts of the crimes she had committed to gain her lover.

John Burris had promised to take upon himself the stigma of crime and accept the offer of Banker Marsh. He had also promised that as soon as he was free he would marry Anne Paxton and leave the community of Brickville forever.

Anne wanted to remain until his confession was written that she might bear it to the banker; but he disguised [illegible] same answer to [illegible] and the prosecuting attorney—he wanted to be alone. Then, with his kiss upon her lips she had tripped down the jail and down the street to her home, happy in the thought that the end was at last in sight.

But now all was changed. Granny West's message had brought new life and hope to the prisoner. He paced the floor restlessly, chafing at the restraint put upon him. He felt the injustice of his imprisonment now more than on the day of his arrest. Then he submitted meekly, feeling a mistake had been made that the officers would hasten to rectify; but he had waited patiently until hope was crushed, and lying tongues had taken the desire for liberty.

Now he craved that liberty and longed to be free to go to his wronged love and on his knees plead forgiveness for doubting even for a moment that her heart was his and his alone.

"It is all plain to me now," he exclaimed.

"I will do as I please, now leave me."

"Charley Marsh has plotted to steal my love from me, and Anne has been a party to that plot. Marsh's prize was Bessie, while it was the desire of Anne's heart. The false, perfidious woman lowered herself to the level. And to think that I allowed myself to be drawn in her through her false protestations and Circe-like professions of love. But my time is coming. I will call them to the cross on which Bessie and I have both suffered. They will have to face the scorn of the village folk, and I shall be forgiven with be the greater, for it will be proven that they are guilty, for they will have the additional boon of denying their guilty acts."

Thus, far into the night John Burris planned his revenge, not even once suspecting that Bessie, weakened by her recent illness, and thus rendered totally unable to protect herself, was in the hands of their common enemy and far away from the reach of friends.

On the morning of the trial the prosecuting attorney sent for the confession which Doctor Burris had promised would be ready, and the messenger brought back word that the prisoner had begun writing in his cell. In other words, he intended to stand trial.

Charley Marsh had just stepped from the nine o'clock train from Chicago when he heard the courthouse bell announcing, as was the custom in this place, the opening of court. He chuckled as he thought of the confession of John Burris, which was undoubtedly at that moment in his father's hands.

He went immediately to the bank and there learned from the clerk that his father had gone to the courthouse and had left word for him to come immediately.

With many misgivings that something had gone wrong with the prearranged program, he directed his steps to the courthouse and entered just in time to hear the clerk read out the indictment of the state vs. John Burris for burglary.

The courtroom was crowded. As many of Brickville's citizens as could crowd into the room were present, eager to see and hear the proceedings that would send Doctor Burris to the penitentiary.

The trial had already commenced. "Then," thought Charley, "he has decided to fight it. He will not accept clemency. Well, we will make him sorry for his decision."

He crowded his way down the aisle. The throng made way for him, recognizing that he was one of the principal actors in the drama they were to witness.

After a few preliminaries the prosecuting

(Continued on page fifteen.)

How to Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What to Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effects of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention that you read this generous offer in the Chicago Ledger.

She Had to Pay.

"By you call these clothes?" said, sternly, a customs official to a woman who had declared that she had nothing in her trunk but wearing apparel for herself and husband. And as he spoke he pointed to four bottles of Duffy's whisky. "Yes," said she, softly, "those are his night-caps."

Salesmen's Outfit Free.

Any enterprising man desiring permanent and profitable employment taking orders for men's suits and pants, from measure, should carefully read the advertisement of the Hamilton Woolen Mills Company on page 4. As you require neither capital nor experience to make a success in this line it is a grand opportunity. This firm is reliable and will do exactly as they say. They are one of the largest custom tailoring establishments in the world.

But He Loved Green Apples.

"Did you ever feel the pangs of love?" asked the maiden lady naively.

"No," responded the savage bachelor, "but I had an abiding love for green apples when a small boy."

Drink Good Whisky.

We can recommend the Old Tub Fowler Whisky advertised by the Kentucky Distilling Co. on page 12 of this paper, as being an excellent, fine article, at $1.25 a gallon. If you want a good whisky at a reasonable price write this concern.

Oh, Go Ahead.

Mrs. Meddler—Not another word! It is an outrageous scandal and not to be permitted! not another word of it will I listen to.

Mr. Meddler—I haven't finished yet.

Mrs. Meddler—Oh! Go ahead!

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

Sounds That Mislead.

At a Ball—"Is that champagne corks in the conservatory?"

"Naw! Young couples in the conservatory."

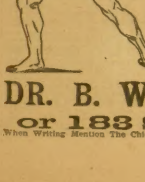
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Good Reason.

A Friend—If you love her, old fellow, why don't you marry her?

Bachelor Doctor—Marry her! Why, she's one of my best patients!

MEN MADE STRONG--NO DRUGS



A child may inherit a parent's strength, it may inherit his weakness. There is food for sober thought expressed in that sentence. Strength is a natural condition, weakness the reverse. For thirty years I have been showing men the road to strength. I have demonstrated as a natural remedy to be the true remedy. I have made a specialty of nervous and chronic weakness in men as a result of youthful errors or later excesses, such as Drains, Impotency, Lame Back, Varicocele, &c. I could not give you as good service as some doctors do, or pneumonia, or small-pox. I am no authority on obstetrics or tuberculosis. Of course I studied these subjects, but this is a day of specialties. I know the nervous and glandular system of men. That is my strong card. I treat weak men, and weak men only. In the beginning, let me say I use no drugs. When I take your money I want to give you value in return. I couldn't do that and give drugs for weakness. They stimulate. They give "quick results," but you fall back into a worse condition. You are weak, you have robbed Nature by abusing her laws, but she is magnanimous, she is forgiving. I will ask her to give that strength back to you. I am the inventor of an appliance which puts in your hands a means of using Nature's great restorer, Electricity. It is the famous Dr. Sanden Electric Belt, with attachment for men. Mind what I say. In ten years from date this Belt will be the world's remedy for such. This is no boast. I received 5,000 testimonials last year. All absolute cures after all else had failed. The treatment is most common sense. It appeals to better judgment. It is the long continued use of the pure galvanic current which does the work. Ordinary batteries are worthless. They do not generate the volume, and cannot be applied long enough. That's why I invented my Electric Belt. It was to fill a want. You put it on when you go to bed, take it off next morning. That's what does the work. Several strengthener each day for ninety days, with a little sound advice to suit your case. That is all. That will will bring you back to strength.

FREE BOOK. If in or near these cities call, consult and examine free of charge, or if at a distance write for "Three Classes of Men," which explains all. Sent in plain sealed envelope. All correspondence given faithful attention.

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Book Notes.

All-my-eck for 1899.

PHILOSOPHY.

By James Whitcomb Riley.

The signs is bad when folks commence
A-findin' fault with Providence,
And balkin' 'cause the earth don't shake
At every prancin' step we take.
No man is great till he can see
How little 'tis he can be;
Ner stripped to self, and stark and bare
Kin sense his sign out anywhere,
Ner bottom it to lay aside
Contentions and be satisfied;
Just do your best, and praise or blame
That follows, that counts jest the same.
I've allus noticed great success
Is mixed with troubles more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gets more kicks than all the rest.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

An Opening for Him.

Chonnie Muggs—Say mister, dey tells me dat you kin tell de age of any animal by its teeth. Ho I got a job fer yer. I want "Crunchers" age here told.

Shrewd Suitor.

Mrs. Hanson—I understand, sir, that you have secretly been making love to my daughter, and I must forbid an acquaintance begun in that way. You should have seen me first.

Shrewd Suitor—Madam, had I seen you first I should have forgotten your daughter and fallen in love with you.

Mrs. Hanson—Um—the informality of the proceedings was all I objected to. Come with me and I will introduce you to my husband.

An Outrage.

Tenant—Some of the plaster in my kitchen fell down last night, and I want you to replace it.

Landlord—What caused it?

"The man who occupies the floor above snored."

Landlord—Well, some people think because they pay rent they can carry on just as if they lived in a hotel.

Skilled-Labor Note

A dent-ist.

Romance and Reality.

His held her hand! Delightful peace
Pervaded all the air around!
His arm he stole around her waist;
She noticed it—nothing loath.
They talked about their wedding day.
Then for a happy future planned.
The joyous hours like minutes flew
And all the time he held her hand!

He held her hand! Her eye flashed fire!
She wriched and twisted in his grasp!
He realized that trouble dire
Would follow—she should break his clasp.
For wedlock—goal of all true love—
He held them in its potent hand.
And she was trying to throw a carving knife at him!
He held her hand!

Learn to say "No!" when a dealer offers you something "just as good" in place of Hood's Sarsaparilla. There can be no substitute for America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, biliousness and all liver ills. Price 25 cents.

Happy Chance.

"Your money or your life!" cried the robber.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the artist, and he drew a pistol.

The artist had no money, and, according to the critics, not much life, but that was not why he laughed.

He laughed because he belonged to the school which draws rapidly and boldly, rather than the school which draws laboriously, with great attention to detail.

Reprieved.

When the gray dawn breaks g'er the lea
It does not wake my heart to pain;
With joy I scan my watch and see
That I may go to sleep again.

Saved by Imagination.

Nervous old lady enters a train; when about to seat herself, she discovers a man with a gun in the carriage.

"I hope that thing is not loaded."

Frolicsome Sportsman—Yes, madam, it is. However, I will insert his cork in the mussie. There! Quite safe now.

And the timid one was satisfied.

Scientifically Correct.

"And when I proposed to her she turned all the colors of the rainbow at once."

"How can you make such a ridiculous assertion?"

"All the colors at once, if you have not forgotten your high school lessons, you ought to know make white."

Reassuring.

Nervous Passenger—Captain, what would be the result if the steamer should strike an iceberg while we are plunging through the fog?

Captain of Steamship—The iceberg would move right along, madam, just as if nothing had happened.

The Long and Short of It.

The sheriff of a Tennessee county furnishes a unique description of an absconding bank cashier. He says he is "six foot two inches tall and $14,000 short."

Lord Beresford's high opinion of the Chinese gives rise to the thought that his laundryman never brings him somebody else's shirts.

The Man—I love you! I love you!
The Maid—I hear you. I hear.
The Man—But I said it twice!

Good Night.

Husband (kindly)—My dear, you have nothing decent to wear, have you?

Wife (with alacrity)—No, indeed I have not; not a thing. I'd be ashamed to be seen anywhere. My very newest party dress has been worn three times already.

Husband—Very well, just what I told Jones when he offered me two tickets for the opera tonight. I knew that if I took them they'd only be wasted. So I just took one. Good-night!

Mystery Solved.

Suitor—Your daughter is the light of my existence.

Father—I've often wondered how you could see her with the c-s turned so low.

Cruel Quarrel.

Priscilla—What are young Winthrop and his wife quarrelling about so bitterly?

Phoebe—Oh, about which of them loves the other most.

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Men's and women's new 1899 model bicycles are now being offered at $8.25 to $13.75 and sent to anyone anywhere for 'just an' examination before buying a cent. For catalogue and full particulars cut this notice out and mail to SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago.

An Afterthought.

Mrs. Goodley—It would be a good thing for you if you thought twice before speaking once.

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Precociousness.

Teacher—Who built the Suez canal?

Small Boy—Nobody, sir. It wuz built. It wuz dug.

Put His Foot in It.

She—Most people admire my mouth, do you? He (absent-mindedly)—I think it is simply immense!

Why Was It?

When he was young they called him Archie.

When he grew old they called him Archibald.

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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AT POSSUM RUN.

Ike Quigley's Articles Describing School Days and Funny Happenings There.

NO. II.

Years ago, before Possum Run had risen to the dignity of the little white church that stands in the grove just beyond "Squire Higgins' house, religious services were held in the schoolhouse whenever a minister of the gospel strayed into this remote community. There were not enough people of any one denomination to support a minister, and all efforts to effect a combination were bitter failures. The Presbyterians were willing to pool issues with the others, providing a Presbyterian minister was secured, but the Methodists insisted upon a "sky pilot" of their own persuasion, while the Baptists argued that none but an ultra "under-the-water" man would be acceptable to them.

The natural result was that Possum Run had no preaching service save when a traveling minister, sent out by one of the above-mentioned churches, stopped over Sunday in the district. These visits were few and far between, and as might be expected affairs spiritual were in a deplorable state in and about Possum Run.

It was then that the identical man for the situation appeared on the scene. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested type of the backwoodsman, whose hands were large as sugar-cured hams and feet in proportion. He possessed a fluency of speech often encountered in men of his class, and while his logic was often bad and his grammar enough to make Lindley Murray turn over in his grave and groan, yet there was a conviction in his rude eloquence and the serious, solemn expression that never for an instant quitted his furrowed countenance. His voice was deep and heavy, and reminded one of the musical notes produced when you draw a resined fence board across the edge of a ten-bushel box; and when he was aroused to the topmost pitch of his rustic eloquence in picturing the terrors of hell the sinners squirmed before him like fishing worms just after a warm rain.

In the first service he held he told the people that he had been a great sinner and that on being converted he felt that he was called to preach, but when he sought to affiliate with some church he found there was too much quibbling on doctrines, and he had decided to preach the gospel "on independent lines."

The Methodists and Presbyterians split on this statement of the free moral agency of man, while the Baptists were in a corner by themselves squatting on the subject of baptism. In his picturesque style he told them that the divine right of salvation was a free moral agent or not if he was only a Christian, both paths led to heaven and if matters be not strictly on a man traveled. In the matter of baptism, if a man thought a few drops of water would wash away his sins, that man was just as sure of a banjo and a tambourine in the heavenly choir as the one who insisted on being soused clear under the water.

He made the hit of his life with those few sentences; Barnum's show would have played to an empty house had he invaded Possum Run just then and tried to buck the new minister. The people were ripe for a religious outburst and they had found the man who could enlist all their sympathies. At the close of the services the farmers got together and raised money enough to engage him for a revival service and the next night the schoolhouse was filled with people eager for the excitement that is only known in a genuine, backwoods revival.

It took a couple of services to get them in just the right mood. He started in easily but the ball he realized that they were taking to his theories like little gosslings to water, so he launched forth in a manner that brought forth many "amens," and before he was through there were several men and women shouting and hopping about not unlike chickens with their heads chopped off. A mourner's bench was improvised and repentant sinners were asked to come forward. The very first one on the first offer only renewed the excitement, and after a few stirring songs and prayers the bench was chock full, and other repentant sinners, after looking disconsolately about for a place to kneel and repent, dropped to their knees in the aisles and prayed loudly for mercy.

For over a week this kept up and it looked as if every resident of the district was going to get aboard the hallelujah band wagon. There is no telling just where or how the matter would have ended had it not been for Sam Peters, although it is not generally known that he was the man who interrupted the-regeneration proceedings.

Sam was one of the few who persistently refused to be drawn into the maelstrom of religious excitement. His best girl, Cinthy Ann Higgins, had been one of the first to profess conversion and she had labored hard to induce Sam to "go forward." Sam attended all the meetings, but he still resolutely held out, an interested and sometimes disgusted spectator of the shouting, jumping, going into trances and the hugging that was engaged in. It did not affect him materially until one night he saw Zeke Graham hug Cinthy Ann just after Zeke had professed conversion. That made Sam mad, and after the service he relieved his feelings by licking Sam and cautioning Cinthy Ann about letting such an occurrence take place again.

The very next night when an avowed scoffer of religion went forward and knelt at the bench the minister and Cinthy were so overjoyed that they threw their arms about each other and stuck like a couple of sick kittens to a hot stove. Sam fairly boiled with rage. He didn't mind it so long as it was someone else he would thrash, but he stated it would be hardly proper to pick the preacher, and at the same time he felt that it was time for him to stop to an affair that gave a man the right to hug another girl and to be free from the penalty from punishment.

He thought the matter over carefully and decided that the revival was the cause of it all, and for that reason the revival should end right there. Furthermore he knew just how to end it as suddenly as it had begun.

The next afternoon he met the boys at school and shouldering his rifle strolled off into the woods. That night after the last hymn before the first enthusiast arrived at the schoolhouse a watcher would have seen Sam creeping up to the building with a hornet's nest in his hand. He hid it under the stove and retired.

The people came to the revival as usual, and Sam among the number. It took about an hour to get the religious excitement to fever heat, and anyone who has tried it knows that it takes about the same length of time to thaw out a hornet's nest. The preacher was kneeling in the aisle back by the stove, praying earnestly for some sinner, when an old gray hornet started out to reconnoiter. The coast seemed clear, so he signaled his comrades, and soon a string of them were crawling up the minister's leg. The foremost hornet had gone the entire length of that brawny member of the minister's body ere he noticed the tickling sensation. Without pausing in his exhortation he gave such a mighty slap, which killed about forty hornets, each one of which, in its dying moment, gave him a prod. He danced about like a Comanche Indian at a roast dog barbecue, and the people about him pressed forward to imbibe some of his religious enthusiasm. They got it, for the hornets were coming out faster than wheat from a threshing machine.

The enraged bugs under the women's clothes and crawled up the men's trouser legs; they got in their work on faces, noses, eyes and ears. In less than a minute everybody except those near the door (which somber included Sam Peters), had been stung from one to a thousand times. The stove was kicked over and but for the low fire the building would have gone up in smoke. The preacher was among the worst, and for nearly a week he lay at Abner Brown's house so badly swollen about the face and legs that he could not move. The poison injected into the people from the hornets' stings caused them of their religious frenzy, while the parson was so mad that when he was able he shook the dust of Possum Run from his garments and departed for a more congenial neighborhood.

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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

What happened when the hornet's nest thawed out.

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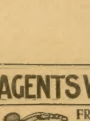

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EVILS BORN WITH TRUSTS.

Combinations, as such, have ceased to realize the expectations which their promoters had inspired in the public that the savings in expenses and the advantages which would follow concentrated effort would bring about lower prices, more satisfactory service and better quality of goods, but on the other hand, prices have been put up, competition stifled, and a small army of employees sent adrift to compete with those in other lines of business, the producing and distributing departments of which are already too well supplied with workers.

A salt trust to be incorporated under the laws of New Jersey is now proposed. The founders of this monopoly seem to have made a serious mistake when they admitted New Jersey to the Union.

It may be that we can make the Filipinos happier, but really it does seem that we should first distribute some of our surplus here at home. Let us shake off some of the oppressive trusts and corporations and give every man an equal chance.

Among other hideous barbarities practiced by the Philippine "rebels," they do not hesitate to attack with bows and arrows American soldiers absolutely unarmed save for machine guns and Krag-Jorgenson rifles.

It may be, as the London Spectator says, that the reserve force of America is too great for the security of the nations. America's reserve force will not hurt them if they do not fool with it.

That Wisconsin legislator who is endeavoring to make the wearing of corsets a legal offense will find what he gets through that he has been wasting his efforts.

It would seem that the only person who can intelligently charge Dewey with "reprehensible conduct" is Mr. Cervera, and he doesn't charge it.

Spain had no embalmed-beef scandal, owing to the fact that her soldiers were supplied with mangoes which they picked themselves.

A petrified man was recently discovered in Indiana. The origin of the railway scandal which is no longer a mystery.

It might be well to remember that the lengthening of the days doesn't prolong the reckoning of a thirty days' obligation.

Aguinaldo was considerate enough to enable General Otis to be made a prominent feature of most of the March magazines.

A SON OF SATAN.

The Hidden Chamber of the Crystal Sphere---Cheating the Gallows---The Thrilling Story of an Imprisoned Soul.

By MARO ROLFE.

(Copyrighted 1899.)

SYNOPSIS

Doctor Dante Dibolis is anxious to prove whether or not life continues after death. He becomes attendant upon Haddon Hakes, a man confined to death for several murders. Hakes is fearful lest he break down and show himself a coward on the gallows, and Dibolis persuades him to submit to painless death at the doctor's hands. Hakes makes a will in which he leaves his property to Ethyl Edwyn, a sister of Doctor Dibolis. Dibolis is administrator of Hakes' estate. Hakes places a sphere of glass above his head and a similar glass below his head, and apparently the dying man's soul escapes into the sphere and is received up by the doctor. He believes that he has proved that man's soul lives after death.

CHAPTER V.

AN APPALLING ALTERNATIVE.

As Dante Dibolis left the jail, taking with him the mysterious crystal sphere in which he claimed to have imprisoned the soul of Haddon Hakes, he cast a scowling glance of warning upon the man who had been the murderer's deathwatch.

Even before this, it had become known throughout the jail that the murderer of twenty-seven had gone to his long account.

"I know nothing; I can tell you nothing, except that he is dead," said Dibolis to the sheriff. The strangest case I ever had to do with. You had better have a postmortem, though, sheriff."

"What do you think would be revealed by that?"

"Perhaps nothing, and perhaps much--who can tell?"

The coroner made no discoveries. It was announced that the body of Hakes was at the disposal of his friends, and that they might be, and the scaffold was taken down and the hangman's noose and cap were settled into its place among the traditions of the county.

The intelligence that Dante Dibolis would hold Hakes' property in trust for Ethyl Edwyn and was a ward guardian was not received with favor by either Miss Edwyn or Doctor Dibolis, her affianced husband.

"But," protested young Denby, "there seems no way open to you but to make the best of it." And the young fellow, who had tried hard to entertain good faith, for Ethyl had been his friend in days gone by and was a resident friends in the old world, and his foster father had so strangely ended his earthly career.

She saw little of her guardian. Doctor Dibolis was absorbed in his work, and for a large part passed his days and nights in the black-draperied room where he had kept the crystal sphere.

Besides Dante Dibolis no one appeared to go in and out of that room except Mary, the dark-faced and repellant servant, who had for many years been the doctor's attendant. There were very few visitors, for the doctor was not in active practice, a month after the death of Hakes, the murderer's deathwatch had been to Dibolis' house twice and he had gone away both times with ill-concealed relief. Whatever had passed in the room of the deathwatch the fact that no suspicion had become public that Dante Dibolis and Mary, the nurse concerned in Hakes' death, would seem to indicate that the unusual and unnerving thing of what had occurred in the cell that day.

The doctor's home was gloomy enough at best, but Ethyl Edwyn had its brighter and more attractive aspects, and was not very much to her own devices. Her lover came often, and the doctor himself had shown that she had come to believe that Dibolis was not such an objectionable person after all. If he was not agreeable he kept out of the way, and for that reason was not objectionable.

But she was lonely and young Denby was urging her to marry him and leave the strange place. She had promised to talk with her guardian about the matter. She had scarcely seen Dibolis for a week or more. When she approached him now she was half-terrified at his new and weird aspect of advanced age. To be sure he was sixty-eight, but he appeared fully ten years older.

He was beat, pallid, haggard. His long, unkempt hair hung down over his eyes. His eyes seemed burning with some consuming passion.

"Ah!" he said, with a smile that made the girl tremble. "You came to speak of your marriage."

His abruptness startled her. He seemed to have read her thoughts. She inclined her head and he continued:

"I was certain of that. That is what I wanted to talk to you about, your marriage. How would you like to marry me, Miss Edwyn?"

She would not have been more completely at a loss for an answer had he asked her how she would like to jump into the sea or into the fire.

The idea he suggested filled her with unspeakable horror.

He read her aversion in her face.

The notion does not seem to strike you favorably," he said. "Don't you know that whatever happens to one there is always something very much worse that might have happened instead?"

These words struck her as an almost direct [illegible] She sprang back and averted her gaze from his grinning face, terrified her beyond endurance.

He advanced toward her and placed his hands on her shoulders, just as he had placed them on the shoulders of the dead watch in the cell of her dying foster father and fixed upon her the same look of baleful burning and command that had made the guard a suppliant for his mercy.

"You are my ward," he said. "I have done your foster father a great favor--I have saved his soul from perdition. Could anyone do more than that? You owe me your duty and your love."

He paused and she gazed upon him with a horror she could not have concealed.

"You understand, don't you? Your foster father did not repent. All the machinery of the churches could not have availed him, but I saved him--I, Dante Dibolis--and I, Dante Dibolis, am not the devil that you in the pride of your youth, in the twinkling of an eye. What I have done I can do again. Suppose I should wish to exert my power to secure your foster father's immunity from eternal punishment? You can accomplish that by becoming the wife of Dante Dibolis. My father was a physician and savist--an old man, growing older a year every month, and soon to pass away. Men like him are the only men on earth who possess the secret of the grave and the secret of life after death. Unless I leave that secret to you I must carry it with me. Ethyl Edwyn, I am the devil that is due at any hour, in the twinkling of an eye. What I have done I can undo. Suppose I should wish to exert my power to secure your foster father's immunity from eternal punishment? You can accomplish that by becoming the wife of Dante Dibolis."

He paused and she gazed upon him with a horror she could not have concealed.

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Dante Dibolis, the father of the man who had been Haddon Hakes' deathwatch, just about to expire.

"Why do you visit here?" he asked the man abruptly.

"I am bidden by Doctor Dibolis."

"What can he want with you?"

"I am bidden to wait in the house of him."

Young Denby was a man of brains and energy, one to think quickly and decide promptly.

"Dibolis possesses some strange power over you," he said. "Trust me--let me be your friend--and you shall have full freedom."

The man looked at him in evident amazement.

"How did you know?" he asked. "I never told you and I never told any one else."

"There are some things that do not need to be asserted--they tell their own story. You do not come to this place because you like it. Something holds you here. Fear of him."

"Could any one know him and not fear him? A more terrible, forbidding and commanding man never lived. I am afraid of him as I am afraid of God. Sometimes I believe he possesses some strange insmarely power. He drove me here by the force of his will."

"You would gain no fear from him, but you would gain my friendship, and I can be terrible secrets and do his demon's bidding."

"That hellish influence! Dibolis does not upon you, but upon others. He would ruin lives that stand in the happy--my own life for instance. But his supremacy over must be measured and overcome. Who knows but that I may be able to operate on this. I have no superstition of any kind. I could not be made to believe in the supernatural and the unusual acts of his that might save you and perhaps others, would have no terror for me. Tell me what you can help me. Is a man, cast off your terms of friendship, to help you his wicked work. If you do this I will advance your fortunes in every way. Are you to be the mercy of Dibolis. Can you attend to do that?"

"Sir, I am compelled to do that. I believe Doctor Dibolis means to destroy me, and he will. I believe he is almost dying now. The mental strain under which he labored by day and nights, restless and sleepless, with his eyes never off the crystal sphere, is almost fatal. I have gained access to his chamber and watched him. He has not been in the room for hours, and I can see by some terrible spell. He will die with his gaze on the crystal sphere."

CHAPTER VII.

THE DOOM OF A SPY.

Only three days more, and Dante Dibolis would claim Ethyl Edwyn as his bride. She had been unwilling to be won with more dread than that with which her foster father had been overcome. Even while the judge had told him he must die at the rope's end, but she had never spoken with the doctor since her foster father's death. Then he had said: "Forget not your mission, forget not your promise, forget not the day," and passed on like one who knows his commands must be obeyed.

To every appeal of Hugh Denby's she has been deaf and at the last she had sorrowfully bidden him to go to her no more. He has besought her to cast off the awful influence of Dante Dibolis and she has only wept and trembled.

On this morning Dibolis has come to her and demanded her presence in the chamber of the crystal sphere.

"I have that to show you and to explain to you," he said, "which I can show and explain at nowhere else. She followed him shudderingly as men approach danger awful and unknown.

"Here," he continued when they were in the tapestried room and he had closed and

again I see the light of reason in your eyes. Thank God!"

Excitement gave her strength to eagerly clasp his neck. She could not help doing that--she loved him so tenderly; and as she thought of this and of his fond hopes and of her own blighted ones she shuddered.

"Hugh!" she said, "I thank heaven for your love, but--be brave, my love--God wills that we shall part. I gladly promised to be your wife, but I cannot keep my promise, as I am going to marry Doctor Dibolis. Please spare me all the pain you can--ask me no questions, for I can tell you nothing more."

"God forgive you, Ethyl," he cried, "you cannot mean that. If you have a woman's heart, explain--tell me--"

"To the altrove!" whispered the nurse, "to the alcove at once. He is coming!"

"Who is coming?" asked Denby.

"Doctor Dibolis!"

Scarcely had the curtains before the alcove concealed Denby ere the doctor entered. Ethyl saw that he had aged greatly and appeared almost like a centenarian. He slid his feet along on the floor and presented every indication of extreme weakness. His recent experiences had told on him fearfully.

He leaned over the bed and noted the change that had come over the girl. He felt her pulse and listened to the beating of her heart.

"Your fever is gone," he said; "you will soon be well. Remember, in three weeks you become my bride." Dante in three weeks have already passed since you gave me assent. Everything is as it was with Haddon Hakes."

The girl shuddered convulsively and became unconscious. The nurse waved Dibolis from the room and he went without protest, muttering to himself:

"Three weeks--only three weeks; yet I am averting a change in the girl. She may be too late, and I could never entrust my secret to any one else."

The nurse heard this, but did not understand. Hugh Denby emerged from his concealment and assisted by the nurse Ethyl Edwyn to consciousness.

His first efforts to entreaties availed him naught. She would tell him only that she loved him with her whole heart and was dumb as to what dread fate drove her to sacrifice her love and his.

As he left the house he met the man who had been Haddon Hakes' deathwatch, just about to enter.

"Why do you visit here?" he asked the man abruptly.

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"Ethyl, my darling," he said. "Once

locked the door, "is a second crystal sphere. It is intended as a receptacle for my own soul when my time shall come, and it must come soon, for I can feel myself giving way day by day. When you are my wife, you must stay here with me in this room until the end. As long as I may be conscious I will direct you and Styx will aid you in everything. I have not dared to disclose to him the great secret of the crystal sphere, but he will be able to help you adjust it and handle it."

Then he proceeded to give the girl the most minute information about the mysterious globe of glass and bound her by a terrible pledge to follow his instructions implicitly in every respect.

When she went upstairs again she felt like one who had just emerged from a charnel house. While she had been in the black curtained room she had been powerless to remove her gaze from the pendant crystal sphere which glowed fitfully and with a ghastly and gruesome light.

Dibolis stood behind her. He had thrown himself in a large leather-cushioned chair before the crystal sphere, when he heard the soft rustle of the black tapestry behind him. The sound was so gentle that it would have been inaudible to one not under such terrible nervous strain as was Dibolis.

The sound was repeated. He did not fear personal injury. He suspected that a spy was in the chamber. He controlled himself and waited.

"All thought. "It is someone behind the black tapestry, and being behind it no person cannot see me. I am safe to take observations."

Turning his head he saw a protrusion of the curtain for about the size of an adult human being which moved from left to right. Dibolis decided that someone was thus hidden, was trying to escape from the chamber unseen.

He took a revolver from his bosom and coolly waited, not doubting that he would be master of the situation, however things might turn out. He was conscious of no anxiety except as to the intruder's identity.

The ghostly light of the chamber was sufficient for him. He saw that the spy was near the door. Then he saw a hand protruding from the curtains, and reaching for the key which he had left in the lock.

He leaped with surprising agility for one so feeble, tore the curtains aside, and confronted Styx, pale and trembling.

"Traitor!" hissed Doctor Dibolis. "You know a little for your own good, too much for mine. You must not go from here!"

The dark-visaged servant plead for mercy. He might as well have appealed to a man of stone. Dibolis covered him with the revolver and he knew Dibolis well enough to be certain that any attempt to get away would be the signal for his instant death.

"I was hired to do this," he said. "Spare me and I will tell you all!"

"Liar!" hissed Dibolis. "I believe nothing you can say. Speak again and I will shoot you dead. You have but to obey. Come out now!"

The look of hideous diabloric he fixed on Styx would alone have compelled his submission, but the revolver threatened the spy at also.

Dibolis went to the closet and opened the chest that had held the crystal sphere.

"You can crowd yourself in there," said he, "and you must get in now."

Perhaps the servant did not comprehend all that Dibolis meant to do. He shrank back, but the revolver made him hasten. As soon as Styx was inside the chest, Dibolis pushed him down roughly and closed the lid and secured it with the big padlock. Then he laughed derisively, as a very fiend might have done.

As his wild, insane cachinations rang out in the chamber, Dibolis seated himself again before the pendant crystal sphere. The terrible incident which would be closed only by the suffocation of Styx influenced him not at all. [illegible] but [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

BLUE WATER ROVERS.

In Search of What ?---A Thrilling Story of Peril and Adventure---To Quicken the Pulse of Boys and Girls.

By VICTOR ST. CLAIR.

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SYNOPSIS

A strange ship appears at Gray Gull, a New England fisher village, years ago. The craft is commanded by Karl Lorraine, a handsome young fellow. They believe the ship is a pirate craft, but Karl explains that he says it is a search and is looking for his brother Reginald, who lives in Gray Gull. Ned Raynor, who lives with a man named Deems, who abuses him, and Ralph Morton, nephew of Weatherton, are on the beach. A man falls overboard from the strange ship and Ned rows out and rescues him. When he returns to shore Deems, being drunk, attacks him. Ned falls him with an oar. Captain Karl has an interview with Jack Weatherton and both men are much excitement. Ralph and Ned go to see the the Silvercal, the craft of the search party, and Karl takes charge of the ship for his brother's absence. The latter to get away from his cruel uncle, Jack Deems, signals Karl's skater, a sunny and charming maiden, is sailing with her brother and they ask Karl know the destination of the ship. A man on board, who seems to be insane, attacks Ned as if to destroy him. Ivora, Karl's sister, rescues Ned and leads the madman away. Ned and Ralph are introduced to Leon Calvo, a handsome young man, who seems to be Ivora's special friend. The youngsters hear the Silvercal has sailed overboard and is burned to the water's edge. Ivora's father, Uncle Neptune, is, strange. Cheerful, only sane when sailing a fishing. At length the Silvercal enters the Blue Water realm of the torrid zone. Ned tells Ned that this is watery kingdom of Conrad, the Blue Water lover, his rightful enemy. They meet Conrad's ship, the Winged Wind, in the night. Ned is struck by some one and [illegible] climbs on board a ship only to find himself on the dreaded Winged Wind. He is compelled to forge information about Karl. Ivora and Leon are rescued by Ned's friend and consents to walk the plank.

CHAPTER IX.

CASTAWAYS.

Unseen by any of the corsairs, a light form had crept over the rail of the Winged Wind, and as Ned Raynor's foot touched it a clear, ringing voice rang out:

"Stand back, Ned! I have come to save you!"

As Ned started back he was surprised to see Leon Calvo by his side, a wild, excited look upon the intrepid youth's countenance.

Then before the corsairs had discovered from their amazement so as to interfere, the deliverer, with a swift flash of his knife, severed the bonds which encircled Ned's wrists.

"Quick! to the sea!" cried Leon.

"Stop them!" shouted Conrad. "They—"

"Ahoy!" rang from the lookout at that critical moment.

"Ahoy it is," replied the corsair commander.

"The Silversail is not to be seen!"

"Fire and furies! she must be in one of the coves!"

She is not."

"Then where is she? Your life pays the forfeit if you have let her escape."

"Old Neptune himself couldn't keep track o' her, sir."

"Bah! she must be somewhere. Ye gods! it can't be possible she has slipped out while we have been napping."

"Ay, ay, sir; it must be."

"Never! she shall not elude me thus. He must be found and not escape. We must give him chase."

Amid this new excitement Ned Raynor and his rescuer were for the moment forgotten.

They reached the water at the same time, and as they came to the surface Lieutenant Calvo said:

"Follow me."

FITS

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W. H. MAY, M.D.

May Laboratory, - 94 Pine St., New York City.

When writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

He and Chris Colon had drawn up their boat under the lee quarter of the Winged Wind, and there they found the old sailor anxiously awaiting them.

"Get him!" was Leon's terse explanation. "Now we have got to be careful and keep out of their sight. I know of a passage on the south side where we can go with a boat and they cannot follow if they would."

The corsair evidently had other thoughts, for the Winged Wing was speedily headed toward the channel by which she had entered the haven.

The storm clouds were rapidly clearing away, and the light of that tropical sky shed their mellow light on the rock-girt sea.

Ned Raynor and Chris Colon each took an oar, while Calvo seated himself in the stern to pilot their small craft on its winding way.

Not a word was spoken for fully half an hour, they evidently not only the coral sash's brig, but the cliffs of the Finger of Fire fast from sight.

"We are in the open sea," said Leon, at last breaking the silence. "Now, if we can keep out of the course across the Silversail we shall be all right. But I am afraid the fiend will not give it up so far from her course by those pirates that we shall be a long time in finding her."

The three were not easily disheartened. With the first rays of day they were on the night, hoping that the coming day would bring them in sight of the Silversail.

With the first rays of the morning light they scanned the sea with an eagerness that may be imagined.

As far as they could see on every quarter, the ocean stretched its ocean expanse.

We have missed them," said Calvo. "And whither we can find them or not I cannot tell."

To their disappointment the day passed without giving them any hope o' relief.

During the long night—as it seemed to them—any one watch would be on deck and slept, and the boat drifted on, they knew not whither.

More anxiously than ever the following morning they gazed over the surrounding sea, but as far as they could reach no welcome sail greeted their sight.

Their situation now began to look desperate to them, and with no food or drink they realized that it was serious.

The sun seemed to scald down upon them with fierceness, and the pangs of thirst became almost more than they could bear.

"Water! water!" moaned Chris Colon. "I must have water or I perish!"

Leon spoke encouragingly to him, so the day passed, leaving them wellnigh hopeless and dejected.

Another night of alternate watching and feverish sleep passed, when another dawn broke upon the lonely voyagers.

With the first streak of light they strained their vision in the vain hope of sighting a ship.

"What is that to the leeward?" asked Colon in a husky voice. "Do my o' eyes deceive me or is—"

"It is land!" cried Calvo. "We are saved."

"Land—o!" they cried together, and almost forgetful from their exhaustion and emotions.

They drew nearer to the land, which they knew must be one of the numerous islands that dot the sea in that quarter so frequently, they knowing its appearance only to see no sign of life.

A low, green growth at places reached nearly to the water's edge, but the land gave little promise of fruit or food.

Steering into a little cove making into the shore, they pulled their boat up onto the beach out of the water's edge, and started inland to explore the country.

There was little to be seen, though they were made happy over the discovery of a fountain of water, where they quenched their thirst.

"This is better than drifting at sea," said Chris Colon, "though small chance is there for us to be picked up."

Leon Calvo and Ned were more hopeful, and the first day passed away quite pleasantly.

Toward night they left Cris near the shore for a trip to the summit of land near the center of the isle to get a more extended view of the scene.

The ascent was higher than they had expected, but they reached the top just as the sun was attaining its western waves.

The place was a rocky eminence, uncovered with any sward, but they paid small heed to its barrenness, as they eagerly looked over the billowy expanse, obtaining a wider view than they had been able to get heretofore.

"Look!" suddenly cried Ned, "isn't that yonder speck a sail?"

"I half believe it is," answered Leon excitedly.

But while they watched it with increasing anxiety the tiny dot on the horizon faded from sight.

"It may have been only our imagination after all," said Leon. "I—ha! what makes the ground so soften here?" and he sprang down from a small mound of earth upon which he had stepped in his excitement to get a wider view of the ocean.

"Why, Leon!" exclaimed Ned, "it is a grave! Some one is buried here!"

"What! a grave? Non—"

Leon Calvo did not finish the sentence, for he saw that his companion was correct.

The mound of earth represented nothing less than the last resting place of some unfortunate mortal.

"Here's another!" cried Ned, pointing to a second mound.

"It is strange," said Leon. "But see! there is an inscription on the rock. It may give the poor fellow's name. Can you read it, Ned?"

Bending over the stone, Ned, with some difficulty deciphered the following message:

"Jason Briggs——— lyons, castaways from the merchant-ship Aileen, are buried here. Charles Raynor, commander. Alfonso Lorraine."

Beyond this the rude engraving could not be read.

"Read that again!" cried Leon Calvo excitedly. "A Lorraine! Can you read it, Ned?"

Ned was scarcely less agitated than his friend, as he repeated what he had succeeded in making out of the letters. And a mist came over his eyes as he tried to discover the rest.

"You must read it!" exclaimed his companion, becoming more and more excited. "Oh, if Karl and Ivora were only here!"

"Alfonso Lorraine," Ned read, as can it mean. That was father's name and his ship. There seems to be something over my eyes. It is growing dark, too. Leon."

CHAPTER X.

BETWEEN TWO FOES

The undertaking of leaving the harbor of the Finger of Fire was one fraught with difficult and dangerous than that of entering the treacherous haven.

The lightning no longer played its part in the heavens, and in a half hour's time—for the Silversail was brought out of her snug quarters into the mercy of the open sea.

The gauntlet was run in safety, and when the Silversail was fairly out of sight Karl breathed easier.

The storm had abated somewhat, and he felt confident the Silversail was in competent hands.

"If Leon and Ned were only here," said Ivora, "we should feel very thankful."

We will find them tomorrow, dear sister, if possible, though I am afraid poor Ned is dead."

Before she could reply they were joined by Uncle Neptune, who was changed in appearance as to almost defy recognition by his friends.

He was not an old man by any means, though his long, white locks were plentifully sprinkled with white threads.

As usual, he had grown singularly calm with the advent of the storm.

"Captain Karl," he said, addressing the young commander with a calmness which must have amazed anyone who had seen him but a few hours before, "where are we?"

"In mid sea of the Blue Water empire, sir. We—"

"The Blue Water Empire," he repeated, slowly, crossing his forehead with his hand. "I—I seem to recall that name."

"It was not far from here we picked you up," Karl hastened to say, "a few days after a storm, and you were clinging to a floating timber. Perhaps you will remember it all yet."

"Was I alone?"

Ay, ay, sir."

There seemed to be others with me. I can't recall them. Where have you been since I knew you last?"

"To America."

"My home is in America!"

"Then you will be glad to get back."

"Not until a great weight rests here," placing his hand on his temple.

"Where is your home in America. Can't you recall the name of the place?"

"Wasn't it Gray Gull?"

"No."

"Cain't?"

"No."

"Cain York?"

"No."

"Cain Ann?"

"No."

Karl called over several other places at random, but without success, only to open his memory.

He was calmer than he had ever known him before, but the past was still a sealed book to him.

Ivora, for whom he had a strong liking even in his wildest moods, then questioned him as to his name, but after name, hoping she would find one to awaken his memory.

"Weatherton," when he suddenly became excited.

"Speak that again!" he cried, the wildlook again overspreading his countenance.

"Weatherton," she repeated; "John Weatherton."

"That's it!" he exclaimed. "That's my name!"

Beyond this somewhat singular announcement they could learn nothing.

The storm beginning to abate soon after, there was no fear of relapsing into his old moody way, and before morning he had his mind again.

As the sun ascended, an anxious group of watchers Silversail deck with the first rays of dawn, looking for the missing boat.

They looked in vain.

"Poor Leon!" said Karl. "I fear very much we shall never see them again!"

Ivora's grief was very great, and at her solicitation they remained in that vicinity all day at the imminent risk of meeting their enemies, the Blue Water Rovers.

At nightfall, however, they were forced to give up their hopes, and the Silversail stood away to the S. S. W. on her mission.

"Poor Leon!" moaned Ivora, "I feel as if I were guilty of his fate. But I did it for Ned's sake. Poor boys!"

Their fates cast a gloom over the spirits of all, and Karl, the exile, grew moody and thoughtful.

Nothing unusual occurred until the third day of their escape from the Finger of Fire, when Karl, who had drawn apart from his followers, was standing on the quarterdeck gazing listlessly over the sea, when he reflected the rays of the westering sun like a huge mirror.

"I fear you are uncommonly sad today, dear brother," greeted Ivora, joining him.

"I was thinking of how much we poor mortals have to undergo, and wondering if—"

"Hush!" she cried, putting her hand over his mouth. "You shall not give away so. I fear Leon's sad fate has cast a greater gloom over you than you will own.

"But do you know, my hopes have been raised by a dream, Karl, dear brother, do not think me foolish, though it was a strange omen. I thought I saw Leon and Ned, and they were in a boat, drifting over the very track where we have been today. They seemed well and cheerful. Now, Karl, I have not felt like the same person since. They will be safe, I am certain of it!"

Leon had a strong boat, and I do not believe he was lost. More likely he found Ned, and they are somewhere now, as safe as we. At least I shall keep thinking so, and it has raised my spirits wonderfully. So cheer up, brother mine!"

"I will try, Ivora. But I was thinking of others, as well as of them.

"We passed so near the island John Weatherhorn spoke of, and I grow more anxious the we approach it. I feel as though I be disappointed, as we have been so many times before.

"We can but hope for the best, and—"

"Sail—ho!"

"Where away?" cried Karl.

"Off our lee quarter, sir."

Quickly ordering all sail the young commander anxiously swept the encircling sea with his glass, and there, sure enough, was the rim of the horizon

"Sail—ho!" he said slowly," he said, as he finally lowered his glass. "Friend or foe, alas! we have no little cause to fear.

"Sail—ho!" rang out from the lookout a second time.

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To all purchasers of our Razor Strop Dressing. Only 25 cents. FREE. The Razor is made of the finest Swedish steel. Will shave hair at one stroke. We guarantee a written guarantee with each one. You may send for the razor and if it does not prove perfect in every way and make shaving a pleasure we will refund the money. Send for circular. Agents wanted everywhere at a fortune. Price for Razor and Hone complete, $1.00. R. SMITH MFG. CO., 1 Smith Block, Pittsburgh Street, Troy, N. Y.

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Namelus Watches, Solid Gold Jewelry, Silverware, Sewing Machines, Bicycles, Pianos, Organs, etc., by taking orders for Dr. Boyer's Remedies. Write for our Premium List and Free Sample Offer. Many ladies have earned a Watch or Bicycle in a few hours' work. Others have earned a Piano or Organ in a few days. Write us and we will tell you how you can get any article you want. Don't delay. Write to-day. Address, WILLOX & WILSON MEDICINE COMPANY, 1 Wilcox Building, Boston, Mass.

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We give Watches, Printing Presses, Typewriters, Books Jewelry, Cameras, etc., for selling our Home Remedies. Write for our Premium List and Free Sample Offer. Many boys have earned a Watch or Bicycle in a few hours' work. Others have earned a Printing Press or Typewriter in a few days. Write us and we will tell you how you can get any article you want. Don't delay. Write to-day. Address, CROSBIE CHEMICAL CO., OAK PARK, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

"Where away now?" cried Karl, with increased excitement.

"Right in the wind's eye, sir, and coming up with the speed of a sea horse."

In an instant Karl had fixed his glass upon the newcomer, and as he watched the rapid the color left his countenance.

"It is the Winged Wind!" he said, at last. "Now that the Silversail is given all the top she can carry, Lieutenant Armand," he said to his second officer. "We are between two fires, and a light pair of heels alone can save us."

"Ay, sir, sir!"

CHAPTER XI.

TELLING SHOTS.

The brigantine could be seen now with the naked eye, and Ivora stood anxiously watching their enemy.

"Surely, we have little to fear, brother. The Silversail has never yet found her match."

"Save in yonder wizard brig. Would it be for the other, I would tack at once to the south-southwest, but this stranger is in our way. My faith! How fast she has come on the last five minutes!"

Karl's words were only too true, and the brigs, as if acting with a mutual understanding, were rapidly approaching each other at an angle of forty-five degrees.

The Silversail was behaving beautifully, and her commander hoped that by keeping out of the reach of their foes until night should set in, they might be able to elude them in the darkness.

An anxious hour passed, and though the sun was scarcely a hand's span above the sea, their pursuers were fast gaining on them.

The one upon the lee Karl had found beyond doubt was an ally of the other, and he knew there was no hope for them save in flight.

And that hope was rapidly waning.

Aye, it seemed over when the boom of the brigantine's warpiece rang over the half a league of sea, its leaden messenger plowing a long furrow in the water to their stern.

"Good shot!" said Karl as it tore through the Winged Wind's cordage.

Boom! boom! boom! rang the reports of the corsair's gun, nearer and louder with each resounding shot.

The firing was from the outlaw chief's brig, the other being still too far away to begin their cannonade, though from the peculiar positions of the three vessels she would soon be enabled to open fire.

The Silversail seems to have lost her wings today," Karl, anxiously. "Won't she bear a little more top, Lieutenant Armand?"

"Not another stitch, Captain Karl. Mind how she rises now. She cannot escape by flight from you pirates, taken at this disadvantage. Were there but one we could handle, but these sharks are coming uncommonly near."

The third ball had torn through the Silversail's mizzen rigging.

"All forward, you are deadly in earnest this time."

Another shot from their enemy tore through the rigging, sending the splinters of wood about their heads.

"Curse my liver!" exclaimed old Jack Marlin, "I can't stand this much longer. Captain Karl, I must throw 'em a line."

"By means to hail," interrupted the commander.

A minute later a stentorian voice cried:

"Ship ahoy!"

"Ahoy! it, Conrad of the Blue Water corsair," replied Karl.

"Ay, ay, Captain Karl, for I mean to come aboard."

"Not while I command the old brig."

"Then hear me," continued the corsair chief, "for running away is folly, for I am sure to overtake you, when the consequences will be worse for it. Surrender at once, and I will give you all the mercy you can ask."

"Mercy!" repeated Karl. "It ill becomes you to prate of mercy, Conrad of the Red Hand."

"Choose as you will, Karl Lorraine, but I swear that every drop of blood you cause to be shed shall cost you two.

"Now, are you going to lay to, or shall I have to run you down?"

"What do you say, lads?" asked Karl, appealing to his crew. "You can yield if you wish, and doubtless save your lives by becoming his followers. You have my consent to do so if it is your choice. As for myself, I prefer death."

"Give 'em hot lead like hail," said old Jack Marble, the gunner.

"Ay, ay!" shouted the others to a man. "We will stand by you till the last, Captain Karl. We will send the old brig to the bottom, and every man shall go with her before Conrad of the Red Hand shall walk her decks!"

"It is one and all together, then, in a life and death struggle," said the young exile, as he raised his trumpet and defantly answered the corsair.

"We are ready to meet death, but to yield to you—never!"

"The blood of your father be on your head, then, Karl Lorraine!"

The threat was accompanied by another shot, which made fearful havoc in the Silversail's rigging.

"You may answer that, Jack," said Karl to the old gunner.

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the other willingly, needing no second bidding to respond to their enemy's deadly fire.

A minute later the piece belched forth its fiery contents.

"A good shot, Jack!" exclaimed Karl, who had followed the ball with his glass and seen it tear through the Winged Wind's cordage. "Give them another of the same sort."

"Ay, ay, Captain Karl!" was the grim reply, as he prepared to reload his weapon.

This fascinating story of daring and adventure will be continued next week. See special announcement on page fifteen.

If a statement is as clear as mud it should cover the ground.

MARCH, APRIL, MAY.

These Are the Months in Which to Purify Your Blood.

This is the season when your blood is loaded with impurities, accumulated during the winter months from close confining, rich food, and other causes. These impurities must be driven from your system or they may breed serious disease and cause untold suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the greatest and best blood purifying medicine it is possible to obtain. It is what the millions take in the spring. It makes the pure and rich your blood, creates an appetite, tone up your system, and give you sound, robust health.

Shafts of Great Depth.

The deepest shaft in Colorado is that of the Geyser mine, at Silver Cliff, which penetrates the rocks at a depth of 2,400 feet. But trees the size of many barrels have been found at a depth of 1,000 feet. The Comstock lode, again native and productive. In that wonderful treasure-house, from which more than five hundred millions in value have been taken out, the new excavations are expected to reach a depth of 8,000 feet. The Silver Cliff hole, however, is a long one, and Colorado has every reason to point down it with pride.

Very Technical.

Richard—They say he gave you a black eye. Robert—That's the way folks exaggerate. I had the eye already. He merely laid on the color.

BIG PAY SALESMEN WANTED

No Capital or Experience Necessary.

WORK LIGHT and PLEASANT.

Are you perfectly satisfied with your present condition? If not, we can help you much money as you would like. If you are willing to work and learn, we will assist you with the work, and there is no limit to the amount you can earn.

GRASP THIS OPPORTUNITY and success will follow.

We want reliable, active men in every tract of the United States to represent the LARGEST CUSTOM TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD. We are responsible and will do just what we promise. We refer to The American Trust and Savings Bank in Chicago.

We are the ONLY CONCERN THAT COVERS Men's Suits, Overcoats and Pants to Measure that are any three of the largest concerns in the same line of business. The garments we

turn out are of the latest style and highest quality in make and finish. All our materials are from the very best native and foreign looms, and we guarantee a perfect fit with pure silk and linen. Our facilities are on the most mammoth scale. We employ as many as three of the best skilled tailors to make one garment, and our system is managed that we can furnish Suits to order from one to five days' notice. We have no agents to pay, and can therefore sell you the highest grade clothing for less than it is possible for any other concern in the land to produce it for us or do. Any man in good health can earn good wages from the start.

COMPLETE OUTFIT FREE We furnish you with a handsome bound book containing large samples of our entire line of Newest Cloth Patterns for Men's Suits. It is an elaborate and expensive book in connection with our Tailoring System. Plates showing the Latest city styles, Tape Measure, Business Cards, Stationery, Advertising Matter, and all necessary supplies. We will be able to take your measure, and in four days after you receive your outfit we will be able to make your first order that you can easily fill in one working day, making a profit of from $2.00 to $5.00 on each order. Your profits are regulated by yourself. It is a clean, sure, safe business, as entrusted to a mercantile house involving a capital invested of $15,000. Our book of instructions, teaches you all about how to take measures and sell. You can commence business at once and take orders the first day.

YOU HAVE NO OUTLAY Mail your orders to us as fast as you book them, at least daily, and we will make the garments to your measure, and express them C. O. D. to your customer, subject to examination and approval. **A fit is guaranteed,** or the garments need not be accepted to be plegged. You can go on taking and sending other orders as we mail you our check for all profits you make over and above our commission of 25 per cent. The outfits are furnished gratis and are liberaled only for those who are interested and are willing to work. In order to protect ourselves from mere curiosity seekers, and as a guarantee of good faith on your part, we require of you the names of two responsible persons as references, to be sent us with your order for our **Salesman's Outfit and $1.00 deposit,** as a guarantee that you mean business. Write us a full letter of inquiry and begin work at once. If, however, you doubt our guarantee and prefer that we write to applicants in your locality, we will send you a sample garment for examination and you find our outfit as stated and all as we represent, we will on receipt of sale send you $1.00 to apply on your order, subject to your Express agent with privilege of examination. **We refund the $1.00 you deposited** with us on the outfit with our first check for your profits on your sales.

WE GUARANTEE OUR GOODS as to material, style, fit and finish. We guarantee that prices and profits are just as we state. If you are a worker and willing to work and learn, we will teach you the business, and you can make money from the start. We guarantee this great opportunity to obtain safe employment at high and honorable wages. When writing give your full name, postoffice and express address and state, your age, married or single, and address plainly

HAMILTON WOOLEN MILLS CO., 232 Market St., Chicago, Ill.

To Our Readers—Hamilton Woolen Mills Co. are thoroughly responsible and their offer is genuine.—Editor.

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CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 1512 Madison Square, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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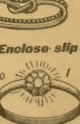

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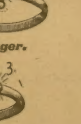
SEND NO MONEY



Wagtes a Beautiful Gold Plated Watch, fitted with 6 genuine American movements, stem wind and set, hunting case, open face, guaranteed perfect time 10 years. Each watch in perfect order, tested, regulated and warranted for one year and the same as we fight or a Waltham. We give a solid Gold ring guaranteed to wear two years and will be sent free with watch for selling only six Pendulums at 25 cents per pendulum. Send your name and we will send the Pendulums by return mail. When sold you can easily be traded for other valuable property. Send No Money. Simply send your name and address on a postal card and we will mail you the pendulums and our large premium list, full of useful and handsome premiums. When sold send us the money then we mail the watch and ring. UNION PENDULUM CO., Dept. 1, 115 Dearborn St., Chicago.

This firm is reliable and will do as they agree.—Editor.

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FINE RINGS FREE.

Enclose slip of paper showing size of finger.

We give every reader of this paper the choice of any two rings shown in this advertisement absolutely free. The following is a description of the rings: No. 1 is a ladies' ring, with Austrian diamonds, Diamond, 5 carat in size. It is set in genuine 14k. gold, and is a beauty. No. 2 is a ladies' ring, with 3 Diamonds, 5 carat in size. It is set in genuine 14k. gold, and is a beauty. No. 3 is a ladies' ring, with 3 Diamonds. They are Austrian Diamonds. No. 4 is a ladies' ring, with 3 Diamonds, 5 carat in size. They are Austrian Diamonds. No. 5 is a ladies' ring, with 3 Diamonds, 5 carat in size. They are Austrian Diamonds. No. 6 is a ladies' ring, with 3 Diamonds, 5 carat in size. They are Austrian Diamonds. Each stone about ¼ carat in size. The center is an Ivory style. The ring is gold plated and will last for many years. It is a beauty. We will give the two rings absolutely free to any one sending us the name of their nearest Relative, Friend or Acquaintance who is not a subscriber to our paper. All we require is that you show the rings to your friends, and tell them how you got them. We are giving away these rings in order to introduce our popular paper into new homes, and feel sure that after you have received your rings you will be glad to recommend our paper to your friends. Remember that we will give you the choice of any two rings shown in this advertisement absolutely free. We do not ask you to send us any money, but simply to show the rings to your friends. Don't delay, but send us your name and address at once, and we will send you the rings by return mail. Address

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YOU HAVE NO OUTLAY Mail your orders to us as fast as you book them, at least daily, and we will make the garments to your measure, and express them C. O. D. to your customer, subject to examination and approval. **A fit is guaranteed,** or the garments need not be accepted to be plegged. You can go on taking and sending other orders as we mail you our check for all profits you make over and above our commission of 25 per cent. The outfits are furnished gratis and are liberaled only for those who are interested and are willing to work. In order to protect ourselves from mere curiosity seekers, and as a guarantee of good faith on your part, we require of you the names of two responsible persons as references, to be sent us with your order for our **Salesman's Outfit and $1.00 deposit,** as a guarantee that you mean business. Write us a full letter of inquiry and begin work at once. If, however, you doubt our guarantee and prefer that we write to applicants in your locality, we will send you a sample garment for examination and you find our outfit as stated and all as we represent, we will on receipt of sale send you $1.00 to apply on your order, subject to your Express agent with privilege of examination. **We refund the $1.00 you deposited** with us on the outfit with our first check for your profits on your sales.

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"THE MORE YOU SAY THE LESS PEOPLE REMEMBER." ONE WORD WITH YOU

SAPOLIO

A SON OF SATAN.

(Continued from page eleven.)

"Do you most solemnly swear?"

"So I most solemnly swear."

"'Tis well. I do not bind you to secrecy. That would not be wise. The world may some time know the story of the crystal sphere of Diholis, but no man who may ever live on the earth after Diholis is gone will be able to make another crystal sphere that can hold and keep from perdition a human soul."

The two men who were watching saw Doctor Diholis sink into his large leather-covered chair and fix his gaze steadily on the crystal sphere of Haddon Hakes.

He appeared to be attempting to speak further. The girl leaned over him and looked into his leaden face as if spellbound by its repulsiveness.

His lips twitched convulsively, but his articulation was inaudible. Then his voice gathered strength and his words became intelligible.

"Hakes always persisted that he was the devil's man and that nothing could save him from his fate. I never told him that I could save him for mine I was not certain; but I did imprison his soul and cheat satan of its eternal fortune. The pains of the madman grew louder and still louder. 'Powers of sin and darkness!' he cried, 'through me Haddon Hakes scoffs at you and covers you with contempt! I—I, Dante Diholis,' he now screamed, 'have the ability to defy the powers below and the powers above! Fiends of the ever burning pit, do your worst! I laugh at all your cunning and all your mastery—I, Diholis!'

While these terrible words yet rang through the quietness of the chamber, Diholis leapt forward toward the crystal sphere, within which, for an instant, a dim, greenish light shone with a ghastly glare.

Then there was a terrific explosion and a grave-like blackness of darkness filled the chamber.

There was a stifling, sulphurous odor, and the jail guard hastened to light a dark-lantern which he carried, fearful lest another explosion might ensue. When he had done so, however, he saw Hugh Denby supporting Ethyl Edwyn, swooning in his arms and trying to kiss her back to consciousness.

The crystal sphere had been broken into ten thousand fragments, and Diholis was struggling vainly as if in the clutch of an unseen but powerful enemy.

"Almight God!" cried Diholis. "Haddon Hakes was indeed the devil's man, and the fiends of torment have claimed their own! There is no victory over death except through Christian faith and works; and—I—"

He grasped at his throat, fell backward, and lay motionless. Death, his unseen and pitiless enemy, had conquered.

Someone burst in a door, and Hugh Denby bore Ethyl Edwyn swiftly to the outer air.

The jail guard followed him closely and he emerged from the building some one cried:

"Fire! Fire!"

The cry was taken up by a score of voices. An alarm was sounded, but the firemen were too late. The house of the chamber of the crystal sphere was soon a pile of coal and black ruins.

Every evidence of Dante Diholis' terrible crimes and unhallowed researches were destroyed from the sight of man.

The mysterious crystal spheres were now simply dirty and shapeless masses and scraps of fusion glass.

Denby, now a serious and prosperous man of affairs and to this day acknowledging no superstition, claims that never-to-be-forgotten scene in the chamber of the crystal sphere may be accounted for scientifically, but he never tries to explain it.

The ex-jail guard, now as then Denby's right-hand man, recalls that other memorable scene in Hakes' cell and will always believe that satan came for his man and got him.

As for Ethyl Edwyn she wisely avoids the subject altogether, but has haunting thoughts and horrid dreams of Dante Diholis.

(The end.)

Feminine Pleasantry.

Artist—Miss Brownie-Vere de Vere, who is to marry a prince, would like us to have her photograph for publication.

Editor—She won't, eh? Tell the foreman to use one of those cuts labeled "Before Taking."

CROSS-ROADS' LOGIC:

"WHEN IN DOUBT FOLLOW THE MAIN TRAVELED ROAD."

THAT is what the farmer said when he was directing a stranger on his journey. "When you come to the cross-roads keep to the main traveled way." There's a sound logic in that advice which those who are starting out in search of health might well heed.

"Stick to the main traveled road and you'll come out all right."

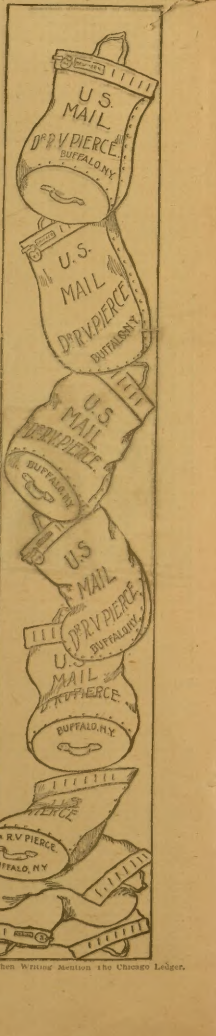
Many hundreds of thousands of people have marked a path for you to follow. It has led them to health. This path which they have trodden leads to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., where Dr. Pierce, the chief consulting physician, and his staff numbering nearly a score of experienced and skilled specialists, are every day engaged in the treatment and cure of chronic diseases. Much of the treatment is by correspondence. Any sick person is invited to consult Dr. R. V. Pierce by letter absolutely free of charge and under the promise of absolute privacy.

There is hope for everyone who begins the use of Dr. Pierce's treatment. Out of the many thousands treated, ninety-eight per cent have been absolutely cured by Dr. Pierce and his staff of physicians. A great number of these were the "hopeless" cases for which the home doctor said nothing could be done. People with weak lungs, obstinate cough, bronchitis, and other forms of disease which if neglected, or badly treated lead on to consumption, have been positively cured through the advice of Dr. Pierce and his staff of skilled specialists, and the use of that marvelous medicine, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Sarah E. Taylor, of Eureka, Greenwood County, Kansas, writes: "I wish to say to you for the benefit of suffering humanity, I had been a sufferer for fifteen years nearly all the time; and in August, 1896, was taken with severe cramping pain in my stomach. The doctor here said it was due to gall stones. He relieved me for a short time, and then there was a hard lump about the size of a goose egg formed in my right side. It became so sore I could scarcely walk about the house, and I had no appetite. I consulted two of the best doctors in town and they said nothing would do me no good. I gave up all hope of ever getting well again. One day I thought I would write to you telling you of my condition. You told me I had enlargement of one of the lobes of my liver and the gall bladder, and advised me to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' which I did according to directions. I had not taken more than half a bottle of each when I began to feel better, and my appetite came back. Now it is a little over a year since I began to do my own work. I have taken seven bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and seven vials of the 'Pellets,' and am stronger than I have been for five years."

"I was taken sick in July, last year, and was not able to do any kind of work until November," writes Mr. Noah M. Trevis, of Langley, Aiken Co., S. C. "Had been coughing up small, hard lumps of phlegm for about a year before I was taken down. I then called on a doctor who attended me for two months, and said that one-half of my left lung was gone, and advised me to leave my home (Charleston, S. C.), and go to the country, but did not say what sort of disease I had. I thought it was consumption, and wrote to you for advice. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which I sincerely believe has done me more good than all the other medicines I have ever taken."

Do not hesitate or delay if afflicted with any old, chronic, or obstinate disease. Write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and tell him your story. It will be treated as a sacred confidence, and you will promptly receive in reply an experienced physician's advice and fatherly counsel, which will put you in the way of health, if your case be a curable one.



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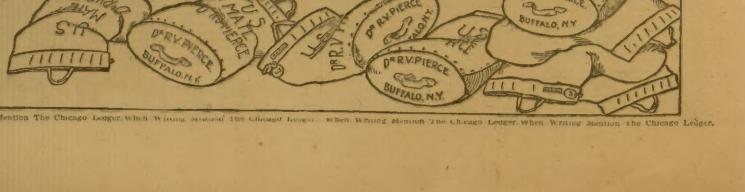

LURED BY LOVE.

(Continued from page seven.)

attorney announced that he was ready for the first witness. Charley Marsh stepped into the witness box and, after being sworn, proceeded to give his evidence.

"The night on which the robbery occurred was at the end of the month, and it is our custom to balance up the books and make out a statement. The work should have been done that afternoon, but I neglected it, promising my father that I would have it completed before time to open up business the next morning.

"About 10 o'clock on the night in question I went to the bank to do the work. I was smoking, and stood out on the steps and finished my cigar, after which I went into the bank, opened the vault, took out the books and papers, and began work.

"I had not been at work long when I heard a stealthy step behind me. I turned to see who the intruder was. I saw plainly and distinctly the face and form of John Burris, the prisoner at the bar. He had a poker in his hand upraised to strike me. In the same instant that I turned and recognized him he struck me. I was rendered senseless. What happened after that I cannot recall."

Upon being in company with my father, the state's attorney, Mr. Baxter, the prisoner's attorney, I called upon the prisoner. He denied the charge. He confessed his guilt."

That ended his direct examination, and the cross-questioning by Mr. Baxter but served to make his testimony the stronger.

He stepped down from his box and Marshal Wheeler was called, but he was not present. A deputy was sent to arrest and bring him forthwith.

The sheriff was next placed on the stand. He detailed the search that was made of Doctor Brickville, and told of the finding of the money buried in the garden in the rear of the doctor's office.

Other persons who had assisted in the search corroborated the sheriff's evidence when Mr. Marsh was examined.

He told of finding his son in the office after the alarm had been given, and spoke of how seriously he had been hurt. He confirmed the sheriff's story of the finding of the money, which was the exact amount that was stolen from the bank, and, moreover, it was just as he had made it into bunches of hundreds and bore his figures and marks on the labels. He also corroborated the statement of his son in reference to the confession made by Doctor Burris the day before in the jail.

The testimony of the state was now all in except that of the marshal, who could not be found. The office wished to postpone the case until the marshal could be found, but the state's attorney declined to end his case without the marshal's testimony, as, he stated, the facts the marshal would testify to had been amply covered by the other witnesses.

It was now the turn of the defense, and Attorney Baxter arose to address the court.

"Your honor," said he, "that is absolutely no defense to be made in this case. The prisoner has confessed that a conspiracy existed for the purpose of ruining his character. I have worked incessantly upon that theory, but have been unable to find a solitary piece of evidence in extenuation, and am therefore humiliated by the fact that I must rest the case at this point and commend my client to your clemency, and as your honor is well aware of the prisoner's previous good character, I ask for him the full benefit of punishment allowed by law."

The lawyer sat down, feeling that he had wrecked himself and John Burris in drawing him into such a hopeless case, while the prisoner could scarcely be restrained by his guard from flying at the throat of his lawyer.

"Your honor," he broke out, "this lawyer has from the first laughed at my idea that a conspiracy existed against me. He has not attempted to help me, but has sat supinely in his office and allowed me to come up here for trial without a bit of preparation."

"I assert that Charley Marsh placed that money in the garden and told this tale to injure me, and I demand that this trial be postponed until I can collect evidence to support my assertion."

"I admit that I was on the point of signing a confession of guilt, my state of mind at that time was the result of the incessant harassing of those who were pressing me by my friends, but who I have since learned are my worst enemies."

This thrade caused consternation in the courtroom. Anne Paxton turned pale at the words and Charley Marsh jumped to his feet with an angry protest. For a moment the court was in confusion. The judge pounded his desk and the bailiff shouted "Silence! Silence!" but it was some time before the noise subsided sufficiently for the voice of the judge to be heard.

"This charge of yours is but an assertion and cannot be taken notice of unless you can present evidence to support it."

"That evidence will be forthcoming if I am given time," Burris feebly answered, "and I am already shaping my opinion and is investigating the matter. I would like him to testify."

"It is evident, your honor," broke in Lawyer Baxter, "that the marshal has nothing to say, as he has made it a point to absent himself today, ignoring the summons of the state. Besides, his libelous diaries are well known. The prisoner has perhaps pinned some faith to some wild story of the marshal; either that or else this statement that he has made is a last resort to escape the punishment that must follow his crime. I have investigated his theory fully and find it absolutely untenable."

It seems there has been ample time allowed the defense to prepare a proper and tangible answer to the charge. If there is one that will exonerate the prisoner. As none has been offered the case must rest. Preparatory at the bar, arise and receive sentence."

This latter command was not necessary, for John Burris was already up in the dock, his hands clenched, and his eyes flashing hate and defiance.

"Do your worst," he commanded the judge. "I am not afraid. I have but to be persuaded to prison in this way it is high time for America to be annexed to Russia so the inducement may be made to Siberia."

"I had hoped to give you the benefit of your own confession," commented the judge. "But your outburst of temper and defiance leaves me no choice. I deny you clemency. I sentence you to five years in the penitentiary at hard labor. I refuse to remove the prisoner."

Strange to say, the sentence was in accord with public opinion. Although he had at one time enjoyed the highest of respect in Brickville, he was left without an open friend. The evidence was so conclusive that all turned against him when he found he attempted to shift his crime upon Charley Marsh without additional confirmation. Why hadn't he some enough to confess and receive clemency, asked each person of the other, and the answer was full for him. He had outraged the confidence of Brickville, and there was given him but scant dues, Brickville was satisfied.

Two months passed by and love in a country town will be concluded next week. Special advice to subscribers on page fifteen.

Sound Pictures.

To take a picture of your voice it is only necessary to shout to this, strong paper over the flaring end of an old tin horn. Hold the horn with the sheet of paper upward. Then, with a fine brush, wet and place it in the center of the paper. Then hold the horn toward the face and sing a note into the lower end of the instrument. Do not sing the note.

Now lower the horn carefully and look at the sand. You will find that the vibration of your voice have scattered the pinch of sand into a beautiful sound picture. Every note in the musical scale will produce a different picture, so you may produce a large variety of them.

Some of these pictures look like pansies, roses and daisies, some like snakes and others like flying birds; in fact, there is no limit to the variety. The pictures of the notes of musical instruments are made by holding the horn as near as possible to them.

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How Fogs Form.

Fog may form in at least three different ways. First, where the air is cooled by rapid radiation; second, where the cooling results from a mixture of warm air currents; and, third, where a cooling has been caused by an uplifting of the air. The first is the common method of fog formation. Radiation fog is generally formed over surfaces of very level, moist ground in contact with cold ground.

Sea fogs occur when there is a marked difference between the temperature of the water and the air, and when the water temperatures of different temperature are contiguous. Coast fogs are formed when indrifting masses of fog from the ocean meet a chilled land, but more generally are formed at sea during the prevalence of warm winds areas of high pressure, or "anti-cyclone," as it is technically known, and are caused by the air dissolving as they go.

It must be remembered that the atmosphere is something like a great gaseous sponge. Compression and expansion are constantly going on, and there is cloudy and clear skies and different temperatures for various layers, and the inversions of temperature found with the anti-cyclonic conditions illustrate this excellently. At Mount Weather we find that at the foot of a high hill or mountain it is warmer than at the top, and we often twenty or thirty degrees warmer on the summits than in the valleys. Our great National Bu-r-eau of Fogs that remain for days are due to such temperature inversions.—Harper's Magazine.

Labor Lost.

"I had awfully bad luck," said the forger to his companion in misfortune.

"I spent a month in copying the signature of a respected millionaire, and just when I had his check ready he went into bankruptcy."

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THE PASSING SHOW.

Facts of Real Interest.

There is a macadamized road in India 1,300 miles in length.

Opium is obtained from the unripe fruit of the white poppy.

If all the lands suitable for cultivation of sugarcane were utilized in Cuba the island could produce enough sugar for the entire western hemisphere.

Only once in their history as a nation have the Spaniards achieved a naval victory. That was at the battle of Lepanto, in 1571, when, with the aid of Venetians and Genoese, they annihilated the Turkish fleet.

A paper-hanging machine has been invented by a Leipsic artisan. The roll of paper is fixed to a rod at the bottom of the wall, a paste receptacle is attached, and the paper is automatically pasted and neatly spread on the wall by an elastic roller.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals once proposed to establish a branch of the organization in Barcelona, Spain. The municipal authorities courteously accepted the proposal, and offered to hold a grand bull fight at once to furnish the funds.

Sixteen Million Pupils.

The annual statement of Hon. William T. Harris, United States commissioner of education, for the year ending June 30, 1898, makes a grand showing for the schools of the country. More than sixteen million pupils are in attendance in the schools of all grades—about as many pupils as there are voters, the latter being usually reckoned as one to five of the entire population, Dr. Harris says:

"One cause of congratulation on the part of those who hold the doctrine that popular education is the safeguard of our American institutions is the continued prosperity of the elementary schools. The increase during the year 1896-97 amounted to 357,895 pupils over the previous year. The increase enrolled in elementary schools amounted to 15,842,426 pupils. Adding to it those in colleges, universities, high schools and academies, the total number reached is 16,856,093."

Deepest Sea-Sounding.

All deep sea sounding records are believed to have been broken by the British cruiser Penguin, recently returned to Sydney, N. S. W., from a cruise in the southern Pacific. She sounded to a depth of 4,762 fathoms, or 28,572 feet, in the Pacific ocean between New Zealand and the Tonga islands. The Penguin also found out that Falcon island, which was formed during a volcanic eruption in 1886 and disappeared last September, has sunk 16 feet below the surface.

May Save the Republic.

Once before in the history of France the years which immediately succeeded a great industrial exposition at Paris were full of political anxiety, and as the exposition was then a conservative force which did more than anything else to save the republic we may hail the precedent as an augury of the influence that is to be exerted by the world's fair of 1900.

The situation now is upon the whole less sensationally alarming than it was in the period just anterior to the year 1889, though it would be possible to note some rather striking similarities. Both these stormy eras are marked by the election of new men to the presidency by the overzealous activity of military cliques. But there is today no scandal at the presidential office to be lived down and none of the military adventures has taken such a hold upon the public imagination as did the theatrical Boulanger.

Christened for Dewey.

A friend of Dewey's recently joined the admiral at Manila and in the course of conversation made laughing allusion to the many articles named for him since May 1. He writes that his recital pleased Dewey and his bright eyes twinkled as he replied: "I did not imagine that a little target practice before breakfast on the 1st of May would bring a new adjective into the language, but look here, I have a Dewey watch —and it's a number one watch, too—with a case made from the Maine." Then he continued: "One of the manufacturers who had named a hat after me wished to send me one, and wrote me asking what size I wore." "And your reply?" I asked. "Oh, I told him the same size I wore before May. 1."

Gomez in Havana.

It must have been a proud day for Gen-

The Shaved—Didn't you take off a piece of my ear then?
The Shaver—Yes, sah; but not enough to hurt de razzuh, sah.

eral Gomez when he entered Havana at the head of a body of armed Cubans and was received with military honors by the American authorities and with applause and expressions of good will from the people. There has been an attempt in some quarters to belittle General Gomez, and very likely he does not conform in all respects to American standards. It must be remembered, however, that to the Cuban people Gomez is the great hero of the war for Cuban independence. He is rightly so regarded. The hardships which he has endured give evidence of his devotion to the cause of Cuba, and the fact that he insists on absolute independence for the island will but commend him the more to liberty-loving American citizens.

Were the Germans at Work?

A story printed by the San Francisco Post, and which that paper declares it has from a reliable source, would, if true, put a new face on the reports of German activity in the Philippine islands. According to the Post's informant, German intrigue at Manila began long before the Spanish-American war was seriously thought of and his simply been carried over into the new regime.

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Egotists cannot converse; they talk to themselves only.—Alcott.

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